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LADY CLAUDINE;
OR,
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. ROBERTO W. NELSON.

CHAPTER IV.

The deep repose of night, which cast its mantle of silence and of mystery over the mansion of Brinsley Oakes, over the innocence and over the guilt therein enclosed, was suddenly broken, an hour after the close of our last chapter, by the startling horror of the tocsin sounding the alarm of fire! Loud and resonantly, its awful bell awaked the thousands of sleepers in the city of Bath, and the quick, sharp cry of "Fire, Fire!" aroused those heavier citizens whose duller ears were insensible to the wild knell of the rolling bells from tower and steeple. Brinsley Oakes was dreaming upon his couch of guilt and sleeping security, and the sounds of the alarm mingled with his dreams.

He thought he was in an ancient hall of the homes of his ancestors, which was lined with portraits of his forefathers, ranged in rows along the tapestried walls. He thought he was pacing up and down this venerable gallery of effigies, planning how he should effectually avert all suspicion from him as the author of the highway robbery of the evening before, when one of the portraits, that of his father, in the uniform of a general, seemed to fasten his eyes upon him fiercely, and accused the guilt of his own. He stopped and regarded it more closely, and became assured that the eyes were regarding him with a fixed and stern, though mingled with a pitiful, expression. He tried to believe it was imagination; but the naturalness of the eyes, and the certainty that they moved and gleamed, convinced him that the appearance was supernatural.

He tried to turn his gaze away, but in vain. His vision seemed fascinated and fastened, as by a spell, upon the eyes of the picture of his father. To his horror he now saw the lips move, and therefrom flexible and living mouth came forth these words:

"Son, was it to see thee wield one act, this hour, I lavished upon thy boyhood and youth wealth, affection, and placed thee in the army, trusting to see thee one day add fresh glories to thy ancestral name?"

The gamester bowed his head in shame and confusion; but the next moment, from another portrait, that of his grandfather, attired as an admiral, came a voice of reproof:

"Son, when, in many battles, I perilled my life, that I might transmit to you, and to my son after, a great name, rather would I have poured out upon the field my heart's blood, than have my fame and honor made infamous in the third descent from my loins."

Scarcely had he spoken than a mitred bishop, in full length robes, spoke and said,—

"Son, when I left my name to your grandsire, it was unstained, as it was handed down to me by my noble and virtuous father. In you the pure stream is tainted, and upon your head and upon your soul lies the weight of the curses of a long line of pious and honorable sires."

"Son!" spoke the grim portrait of a mailed knight, "was it to transmit to you the spotless helmet, lion and dishonored soldier, that I won knighthood and glory, and emblazoned upon my shield deeds of arms?"

"Son," continued another noble personage in a robe of ermine, "has my name, as a just judge and a friend of truth, at last been dishonored by thee, in whom all my ancestors, as one, were still saved of their long line of glory and merit?"

And so, for twelve generations before him, the ancestor belonging to each opened his lips and uttered his solemn reproof; among them nobles, warriors, and princes of the Norman line.

The soul of Brinsley Oakes thrilled with horror. He fell into his dreadful dream upon the floor, and groans in judgment against him. He knew not how he might. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and cold drops of sweat stood upon his brows. While he stood, with trembling knees, before those indignant ancestors, he thought he heard the solemn tolling of a distant bell, like the measured strain of a funeral procession. It grew louder and clearer, and he soon saw the tall golden spires of the gallery flung wide open, and beheld enter a long line of mourning women. He could see the venerable faces of his forefathers, but they were all strange to him; yet, as they passed upon where he stood translated with awe, they bended their eyes upon him with looks of sorrow and of recognition, and one naming his name, with "Alas, how art thou fallen!" In the last of the women he recognized the features of his dead mother. She paused before him, and raised her clasped hands in anguish, while tears coursed down her pale cheeks. But she spoke no word, and passed on in silence.

Next came an empty bier, borne by four masked figures, and they set it down before him, and without a word surrounded him, while the deep bell tolled and tolled on.

"What means all this?" he demanded, with horror.

"This is thy burial! Thine hour is come! We are rent for thy body!"

"For thy body!" answered the second portrait, and the third, and so, one after another, each took up the dread refrain.

LADY CLAUDINE'S MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"For thy body!" chanted the long procession of women; and louder, and heavier, and more dreadfully tolled the death-bell.

The four men seized him and laid him upon the bier, and he laid hands he felt he had no power to resist.

Then came a louder peal of the bell, and, two and two, came a procession of fiends, each bearing a torch, and as they entered the gallery, they danced about him as he lay upon the bier, and their leader said,—

"For thy soul!"

"For thy soul!" said a second, in unearthly tone.

"For thy soul—fly soul—thy soul!" said they all, till the vault gallery rang with the horrible words. Yet, said all, he had no power to move. He sensed spell-bound and made passive by a force irresistible, as if no icy cold hand was clasped over his heart, and chilled the fountain of his life. Then he thought the demons, one and all, cried,—

"Let us pile the fire! Let us pile the fire! Let us kindle the everlasting fire!"

"Fire!" said the leader casting his torch beneath the bier And loudly the bell tolled, as if in the air above him.

"Fire!" and a second, and flung his torch also underneath; and more solemnly swung the deadly knell.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" sang the whole party of demons, each tossing his torch upon the pile beneath his bier, while the flames curled up about him. Feeling that he was about to perish upon a funeral pyre, he danger and the horror of the scene gave him supernatural strength, and breaking away with a fearful cry, from his asylum, he leaped from the bier to the floor.

He was in his own room, standing by the bed out of which he had sprung to escape, in his horrible dream. Cries of "fire, fire!" still rang in his ears, and the deep tolling of the bell for a few moments made him doubt if he were not still under the influence of the horrible night-mare which the methodist Angel of Dreams, out of conditions and self-accusation, had created in his sleep.

He stood trembling by his couch, like a shaking pophar-tree; and could not, for some time, realize that the sounds he now heard came from hoarse throats and deep voices of excited men in the street, and that the fire-bells, which still were booming out their alarm upon the midnight sky, were not the funeral notes he had heard in his sleep.

"I have been taken to the very gates of hell!" he groaned, in tone of mingled horror and desperation. "If dreams as affright, and fill the soul with dread, what must it be hereafter, when God is in one eternal night-mare of the damned soul? It would not be in tones such as I have uttered in my horror and anger! And my mother! her face of pity, and love, and woe! I shall never forget, though it was sent but in a dream! And those female fiends! Ha, ha, ha! hire—fire! Ugh! I need company! I must hear the voice of a living man—though but of a negro! I am afraid—I am afraid to be alone!" he added, in a husky whisper.

The slave leaped to his feet, and stood before him, only to start back with affright. The light had not been extinguished at all, and revealed to him the face of his master changed, as if a score of years had been lived by him in the one short hour of sleep. His hair, so black the day before, was blanched white as snow, and his hollow cheeks, his sunken starry eyes, and looks of haggard fear, were in keeping with this change so wonderful, which horror had wrought upon him.

"Jesus de Lor' an' gospel! Is dat yourself, Massa?" was all the words which the slave could articulate, as he stared upon him with his hands upraised, pallid as death.

"What is it, fool! What do you stare at, as if you had seen Satan himself, as I have?"

"From de Lor'! Massa, you been sore to ded, certain! Look in the mirrorum! You hair white as cotton!"

Captain Oakes, who was a handsome man, and vain of his person, sprang to the mirror, gave a single glance, and then sprang back with an oath too dreadful and impious to be written with ink and pen. A second look he had the courage to take, as if to verify the fact that he had in very night become gray, and then shrieking out "God's curse," in fiendlike tones of anguish, fiercely dashed his clenched hand into the magnificent, full-length pier glass, which confronted this truth, and fell insensible from rage and grief upon the carpet.

The same startling bell-peal and cries of fire-alarm which had so singularly given origin, and scenery, and incidents to this guilty man's dream, fell also upon the ears of Lady Claudine. But they did not find her asleep, nor alone in her bed-chamber.

There was present with her, midnight as it was, a woman wrapped in a threadbare, gray cloak, with a hood of the same cloth hanging back from her head, leaving it and the face exposed. She was about five or six and thirty years of age, with a head finely shaped and superbly poised upon her neck, while the outlines of her form, so far as could be discerned through the folds of her apparel, were singularly symmetrical Her features were as faultless as a Grecian statue, resembling Diana, could have shaped, and not even the passionate and reckless air of her flashing face could greatly destroy the unity of beauty. But the woman was the still beautiful wreck of one of a highbred race; and her proudly-carried lip, her flashing eyes, and the haughty arch of her brow, showed that superiority of feeling, or, more properly, of uncontrolled spirit, had led to her present disrepute and defiant air.

Lady Claudine, perhaps after her base husband's unmeaning departure in the early evening, had retired to her bed, and had fallen immediately into a sleep. Yet, unable wholly to make it absorb her attention, she would sometimes lay it down upon her lap, with her finger still between the leaves, and sigh heavily. The career of her once loving husband, for the last year or two past, (for woman's hearts do break when-they are tried ones), but added her with dread of some dreadful blow too horrible to imagine. She knew that he was a gambler, and that he had become an unprincipled, easy, lounge with play, that he would not hesitate to resort to any steps to which his needs might drive him! But the idea that he should ever so forget himself as to make use of the highwayman's mask, as well as the forger's pen, did not even enter her thoughts. With all his guilt, she did believe him to be a man of honor, a true gentleman, a gentleman and a man of honor.

"How will he obtain this night-thousand pounds! I know his present energy expressed by his words, flipped mouth, even had she remained silent, was a mental expression of a character unfitted for profound intellect. Therefore, with sympathy and pity, Claudine spoke to her. The tone of kindness seemed to make an impression upon the stranger. She advanced a step, and with a softer look said,—

"Sister, for we are both but and I not severer and more unfeeling than you, I will give for all the love that is in Heaven what has crushed my heart, and made death my goal, and broken my spirit! Come —but not now—once I would have told thee with a dagger at thy white bosom and the cry of vengeance in my delicate ear! Now—fly not back! I will not harm thee now! I see it all! You could not know what you did! and he—had he not some excuse, with thy wondrous beauty, to make him captive? Yes—you are innocent, Claudine Heathcote; but once I swore on the altar of the very sanctuary whereat you plighted your vows to be—accursed be the name! On that altar of God I swore, that before that altar, ere a year would pass, your plain body should lay wrapped in a white-pine sheet, where it had been draped in a white robe!"

"Woman, I fear you! Go!"

"Fear me! I fear myself! I wonder not that you fear me! But I will not hurt a hair of thy head, Claudine Heathcote! I can forgive those for whom heaven not dark rod's a-long as I lived on earth!"

"How have I wronged thee, then! What is it that led thee to swear that terrible oath!" demanded Claudine, with all the firmness that she could command: for she began to guess at some fearful truth hidden beneath all this incoherency and vehemence of language.

Ere the woman could reply, if any answer she intended to give, the alarm bell, which had sounded the ears of Brinsley Oakes in his sleep and created his dream of horrors, pealed out loudly and sonorously; while the residences of the night, responding with their deep voices with shouts of "fire," rolled their sharp rattles, and all at once converting the stillness of night into the uproar and confusion of clean, while on the horizon, above the old roofs of the "Corners," a red glare commenced to shed its lurid.

"Fire!" the shrieked the woman, with a loud laugh. "Oh, this is a grand night! I love to see combustion, and hear noise and confusion, and witness ruin, and desolation and death. Want it be a fire, Claudine Heathcote, when the world ended? When the heavens will be on fire, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the stars shall fall, and the earth shall be darkened, and the moon shall be turned into blood, and lightnings, and thunderings and voices shall all mingle together, and the earth blaze like a furnace, till all that is therein shall be burned up in the uproar! I want to be! What a grand spectacle to enjoy! Fire! fire! How does about fire as if they were all mad with joy!" And she suddenly changed her whole manner to one subdued and touching; and, with an expression of countenance which seemed to bring back much of the softness of former beauty, she said, plaintively, laying her hand on Claudine's arm, who did not shrink from the touch:—

"They say I am mad! He said so! He ought to know—don't you think so? He knew it because, lady, if I am mad he ought to know! Who could know as well as he? Don't you whisper even to the moon I said so! for there is a wicked spirit in the moon that would tell him, and then he would send me back again!"

"Poor lady!"

"Poor, poor, poor, and sad, and a pitiful creature! If I am mad he knows it! I suppose I ought to be mad in truth if I should be mad, isn't it? Don't you think I deserved to be mad? Say if I am, for I know it, and he knows it, for I was not mad till—till he said I was mad; and he ought to know all, if I am!"

"What fearful thing is this? Speak out and tell me what you seem to wish to reveal, and yet fear to tell! Why should you fear? Is it me you have been wronged? Perhaps you have been guilty—but surely any sin can be pardoned for all your sins?"

"Sins! I and the strange, beautiful wreck of what evidently was once a proud and glorious creature—but now beyond all reason—spotted her hands and flattened them, with a bewildered look, upon Claudine's face. "Sins! Yes. But sins I have committed! I have nothing to tell," she suddenly cried, in a rapid and alarmed tone, as if I had I told him all my sins! I never to him if he would not kill my child, but only let it live. I would never tell! I did not tell. I did not! Oh, if I have, it must be—he will kill my child! Fire! fire! hear the bells, and rattles, and voices! I have nothing to tell," she suddenly cried, in a rapid and alarmed tone, as if I had I told him all my sins! I never to him if he would not kill my child, but only let it live. I would never tell! I did not tell. I did not! Oh, if I have, it must be—he will kill my child! Fire! fire! hear the bells, and rattles, and voices! I have nothing to tell—but then among it! If I stay here you will make me tell, and then he will kill my child! But if I don't say anything he lets it live, though I never see it! but he tells me every year it lives! But he will kill him! he will kill my child! Let me up, and the flatter go down the wind all sobbing; and then I will be safe, and my child safe! Hear the echoes of the captain's and the shouting. I never like a fire, and must go there, for then I must see Ann—for the fire will burn and burn till I can!"

"Woman, stay! You have filled my soul with suspicions and dreadful conjectures! Stay—I am your friend! Tell me what you know!"

But the woman had already disappeared through the window, and was gone. She had left her history or picture that extended in front of the range of windows on that wing of the mansion.

"What can it mean—what can be the title with been real, or do I dream? You! I am awake. What is the meaning of this? Can it be possible that Brinsley Oakes has still a critter to answer for in the fate of some poor, lost, and harmless pastime! Yet how, otherwise, can I explain the wild words of this woman? She is a fragment of her madness, and that to say other woman she would hide in the earth! Oh, horrible reflection! I fear to take the suspicion into my mind that presses upon me! Oh! wretched woman that I am! Is it the fate of kind and loved to be a monster? To one who has deceived me in all that I wanted and a wife, I have been the possible honor and glory—in the singleness and consistence of his love! A child! Away thoughts! Let them and both fearful and to be rather welcomed the temptation to believe what I fear is true true! If it be true—if he have deceived my love—if I find I have been mocked and dishonored, I will cast upon it at once upon the protection of my noble brothers; for indignation, grief, shame, wounded self-respect, ten thousand emotions will combine to force the cry of vengeance from their my heart; but the heart will first be broken! Alas, how little do wealth and splendor, and

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beauty and rank, and the gratification of every desire of the eye, constitute to happiness. Without question I am at this moment the most wretched woman on earth!"

"Except me, my lady! except me!"

Claudine looked round at the voice with a start of surprise and May Macgregor rushed into the boudoir by the door and cast herself at her feet in tears.

"What is the matter, child? What new horror?"

"They have entered Bernal Castle on prince's!"

"Thanes! For what?"

"For the robbery, my lady," sobbed Mary; "the officers just came in as the fire broke out and took him off. He only had time to send me word just three minutes ago; oh, my lady, and I didn't know what to do but to come to you! Oh! is Ow'll still not? poor, dear Thomas! and to be so married! and he to sleep in a cold stone jail! and chained down to bulks! Oh, my poor heart! Save him, mistress! He is innocent!"

"What robbery?"

"A gentleman was robbed in the lane, the night; and he says he saw Thomas close by, and he sent out bad him just taken; when it wasn't Thomas at all! I know who did it, as I stood by the gate in the lane that night, and saw the robbery."

"Do not distress yourself, child! If he is innocent, as I have no doubt he is, if you say so, he will be released in a few hours. I will do all I can for him and you, and will go to the castle and also see the justice! But if he is innocent it will be because you tell who did it. Have your grief and the name of the robber they will let Stephenson go free! Who was he? It was a bold deed to name to?"

Instead of replying, the poor girl, seeing the Claudine in which she was placed to be revealed the truth, burst into fresh tears, and rocked herself to and fro in a paroxysm of indescribable anguish.

CHAPTER V.

The fall more shone brazilly and brilliantly upon the palaces of the princely mansion of Brinley Oakes, as that beautiful wreck of woman, the stranger who had entered through the window of the apartment of Lady Claudine, glided noiselessly along, after leaving the boudoir. The surface of that step which grave back no audible sound was established by the interest of the wood naked feet which glanced like shells of pearl in the moss beams as they glanced in and out beneath her gray robes.

"I ought not to have made such a mistake—I ought not to have gone into the window opening into her boudoir!" she murmured to herself, as she descended along the gallery. "I will go round there, and wonder must every the my heart! My poor tongue said too much! But how can my poor head keep in what it must not say when I see How lovely and glorious is her beauty! not a leaf of it has begun to wither; and she is as fair in the sear fruit of autumn, as my years have toiled the sun by the summer time! Ah, the golden hair! Bright and sweet goddess of my love and worship! How thy smile fills my soul with strange, wild joy! To thee I can tell all my secrets! I can look up to thee, and never weep nor reprove nor scold. Mother of the mid and motherless! Sister of the sad and sorrowful! Soother of the solitary! Light of the lonely! I fly from and seek and breathe only in thy light and glory! Madonna of the maiden, be my guide and pray for me to Him who made her! Ah, if he should hear me now! Ah, if he was mad! for people say the mad love the most! I will keep quiet and not let my madness out; for he must be sane! This is the window that opened into his library, the seventh from the entrance to the gallery to the right. I took the left, and the seventh window in that direction brought me to Claudine Heathcrook's chamber! I shall be a fool for what I ought not—what I never not to breathe it to mortal upon my child's life! I will not know what I told her—but his name, I am sure I did not speak to her! I never speak—it is not my custom to say but I will know it my child lives! I will know where he is! This is the seventh window from the eastern doorway! The mould of the arch is the gallery, looking at the fire, I trust told me truly when I asked that which was the seventh window! I see through the blinds I see the bookcases of his library. Now will I know where my child is, and then I will go away and trouble him no more! See, how bravely the fire burns! How greatly it casts the shadows and a red smoke on the tall shapes! I love to see churches burn! It was in a church his proud labor to see me!

At this moment, the African sparing the window, which had known Miss Heathcrook's footsteps, cut upon the pianos to watch the conflagration, which shook a quarter of a mile off was consuming a church which had just kindled. The mysterious woman shrunk back from observation in the deep shadow of a thick, climable which covered up the height of many yards the front of the piazza. Voyager, in order to get a better view of the fire, walked along to the extremity of the gallery, the red glare of the fiery ghost reflecting from the fire clouds, upon his ebony visage, with a strange, wild light. The woman seemed evidently to recognize him and to fear him.

After he passed on some distance she softly stepped forward and looked in at the casement. It was all light within; for Brinsley Oakes never remained a moment in the dark, and never slept, even by day, if it were in his power to be in the presence of any one; and even the society of his groom was a relief to that loathsome fear which otherwise he could not endure.

She stole softly and noiselessly to the window which the slave (for such he was still, in fact, to his master, though on British soil) had left open, She tested he could better distinguish the appearance and seemingly insensible form of Brinsley Oakes, his hair and whiskers and eyes! She sprang forward into the room to verify the suspicion that it was his corpse, and a sense more dreaded her that he was breathing heavily, and laboring as if in a fit. She stooped and raised his gray head upon her bosom, and laid her left arm on his left side, and felt his heart beating

CLAUDE PERCY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

O'er the wide, blue waste of the starlight sea
Here oft shall I gaze in vain?
While ocean sighing angel whispers to me:
He will never come again!

I have learned the silence of proud despair
From her worshiped one and mine;
But hark to the words that float on the night wind,
And my heart is pierced with.

In his proud mother's arms he smiles
What a joyous, sunny sight,
While the pictured walls,
He stood in the shaded light!

Oh, mother, mother, my darkened old,
That Claude Percy proved false to both,
Second fate of woman, more fearless victim—
Has his heart remembered me?

Flung by my blight on the bee's high heart!
Ah, his duty, dark, long locked eye
Has been true to his mother,
Had tenderness lighted up
Also, not vile, nor gold was mine;
And well might my death vow rest,
When he turned from the cradle, the birth and wife,
And read her my name accused.

My heart beat wild when he breathed my name,
For dark was his mother's soul;
But a shoreline and left my fame,
With as I remember now
So you never join in the dance? she said
Can an outcast night be got.
Inviting slightly his haughty head,
Claude Percy turned away.

As well the shame that stood around,
Or the wife unknown, unseen,
Imprinted by the march stirring sound,
Had raised the dancers so which she
He was as proud—but he loved me well;
His love was the true one beside
In a lowly home, with me to dwell—
His—his blood dyes hands and hands.

His mother's vow—strike one dreary night—
At a nook of wild, dark shadows
I rose his eyes with a cold, dim light;
And—and I know were strange emotions
Gleaming o'er his midnight cloud of curls,
As I put to his hand was stolen,
And a youth, with beauty like a girl's,
Stood in—and his steel flashed bright.

Forgot me the dark deed, then Heaven above,
Nor how for that fearful night
He came blind, a wide, broken love
In her heart visited me.
Ah, though they may write a mournful smile,
As Claude Percy's blood lights
No—from the grave where we met revoked
Unavenged, it cries to Heaven.

THE TWO HOMES.

BY MARY C. VARIAN.

"Put away your basket, Alice; you can not go to school this morning."

The speaker was a tall, rather stout lady, handsomely dressed, and with a well-satisfied expression upon her not unpretty features as she sat before the window of a pleasantly shaded dining-room, and the baby her arm had been heaped with pretty dresses, lace, gauzes and all the paraphernalia of party costume.

The person addressed was a girl of about thirteen summers—delicate, angelic, and awkward after the manner of the race of children. Her bright face, a brilliant dark eyes and a broad, smooth brow. To the first one glittering diamond that were not suffered to fall, to the last name—for one moment only—sat ugly frown as she laid aside her bonnet and scrubbed of books and prepared to do her aunt's bidding.

The habit of obedience was strong with this young girl, evidently, for she yielded in silence to an unwelcome mandate.

"All these things are to be looked over and prepared for the party to-night, and I shall expect you," and in exquisite impossible that I should get through them all in time. So I am no use to call for you to stay this morning and help me."

"I'm sad," answered Alice, "but if you would let me go to school this morning, could I not do all that is required after dinner? You know we are preparing for examination, and my principal lessons come this morning."

"I can't help that," answered Mrs. Sydney angrily. "The work is to be done, and you must do your share of it. Clara must go shopping this morning, and Louise has her music lesson and her hours practice to fill up her time. Clara is going on an excursion party this afternoon, and some of her young friends will return with her to tea. So what is there that must be done this morning the most work is required on your own darkness dress. You have grown so much since last winter that it must be let down in the tucks, and that will be all necessary to alter all this trimming."

"Yes, aunt," said Alice, "I can do that this afternoon, I will stay at home, or wear my white muslin."

"Tuts, Alice Everett! don't talk to me bear another word. If I am willing to give you a home and all the privileges that I give my own daughters, it seems to me the least you can do is to obey me without so much complaining and opposition. Nobody shall have it to say that I ever sent a girl home from this party, or that you are not as well dressed as Louise. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, aunt," Alice replied, softly, and smothering her tears and her keen disappointment she took up the piece work with a handsome embroidery, and, while her busy little fingers darted to and fro as she worked upon the tucks, her thoughts were not believe that her aunt was very kind—oh, far kinder than the wilful girl she appeared deceived. But, again she would, sometimes, wish that she was not that this was so. She knew that Clara's shopping, provided she would forego the excursion and return with spruce clerks, and mantuamaking along the shady side of the village street, for her principal beau who offered to carry her parasol, and not occupy an hour; while Louise's two hours of practiced practising would be usefully devoted to a drumming of old lessons sufficient to deceive her mother's watchful ear, while the young lady prepared the fascinating pages of the novel that she carried daily within the covers of her music-book. And that the daughters might spend their morning in this way, the niece "kept from charity," as she bitterly repeated to herself, must stay at home, raise her lessons, lose her standing in the classes, and perhaps prove what she had been striving so hard to win at the approaching examination.

Meanwhile the hours were away. Mrs. Sydney went out and in, giving orders in the kitchen and overlooking the chambermaid's weekly sweeping, one morning preparing a quilting with her own hands, the next coming back to arrange a trimming, or take a few stitches with marvelous activity. Clara came back, tired and wearied, and with a cross frown upon her pretty inner face, and scolded Alice, and made impertinent speeches to her mother. And from the distant parlor came the faint sounds of Louise's monotonous drumming upon the piano-forte, quickly exchanged for the stirring march she was learning, whenever any footsteps went that way.

Through all Alice stitched away wearily but swiftly, finished her own dress, arranged Clara's bonnet and lace jaconet, and the deep falls of black lace upon Louise's pink silk.

"Alice really has surprising taste," said Mrs. Sydney. "If I had not given her a home, and placed her on an equality with my own children, as I have, which, of course, precludes the possibility of such a thing, she would have made an excellent milliner."

"She might as well have been born a milliner's daughter," answered Clara, tartly. "Very little gratification she shows for all you bestow upon her! She has just been thinking that she would willingly have stayed at home this evening, if she might have your parlors and child this evening. She always 'school' and 'lessons' with her, when we want her to do anything, or when she can make any return for the kindness you keep such her."

"Hush, Clara," said Mrs. Sydney. "Ingratitude, we all know, is wrong and sinful. If Alice loves studies is ungrateful we must hope that she will better appreciate our kindness as she grows older, and understands what a privilege she enjoys in such a house, and in being treated exactly like her cousins."

The eyes of mother and daughter were fixed upon the downcast face of the girl during the speech, but there was no reply—only a deep crimson flush upon the usually pale cheek, a quiver in her red lips and one indignant glance from her straight, brilliant eyes, hurriedly quenched by the tears that would come.

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As the girl lay there in her pleasant room, darkened and still, suffering, and feeling that the repose, but an intense activity of the brain, and her thoughts were very busy with her past life, and with the future, which seemed to her but a deep mystery of her future. One thing she knew that she did not possess, and could not hope for, and that was, to go out into the world and earn her own livelihood, as soon as she was old and wise enough. How like was to be accomplished she had as yet but a very vague idea. But that she would be free from the bondage of her life, thinking no dought of the past, the present, and the future, all distinct ideas mingled at last in a soft bewilderment that was not pain, and which was an exquisite languor, and she murmured,—

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POOR MARY ANN.

This young lady was a choice specimen of the class of women who deal on horrors. In personal appearance she was anything but sentimental-looking, for she was short and fat, and had a round chubby face. The only peculiarity in her countenance that entitled melodist notice was a rather wild twinkle in her eyes, even when she was quiet, but when excited they rolled with such alarming fury as to startle.

Although a robust young woman, she was the most timid of creatures, starting hysterically if her own shadow suddenly caught her view, and almost shrieking if she heard the slightest sound. Her nerves were in a perpetual tether, as if an invisible galvanic battery were constantly exerting its strong power of mysterious agitation upon every member of her body. Around, above, and about her she was peopled with grim demons, bearing of unlucky knives and terrible undiscovered horrors. Eyes of all colors, shapes, and hates, peopled the atmosphere of her bed-room; horrible monsters, man kind and beast-kind, gamboled on the floor, and slimy creeping things, with light in their heads to show where the eyes should be, were wont to be hiding in clusters on her bed-curtains; yea, even the very bed-quilt makes twisted themselves up in coverlet, and breathed hotly upon her face; and loathsome skeletons, in the gray of the morning, danced, pirouetted, and performed other grotesque tricks while sometimes the event full moon would pour its light through some expiry bungs glazed with the extended arm bothered her menacingly to follow.

Mary Ann feared in the night she was in the morning full of the terrors of an imagination frightfully productive of horrors. It was highly illustrative of the peculiar organization of her mind that she never was troubled with any supernatural appearance or anything that was beyond the good. No young maiden all in white smiled sadly upon her, nor shadowy form of departed friend, cut off in the bloom of manhood ever stood before her, with a bright gold ring in one hand, and the other pointing to a quiet church not far off, with a thrilling expression in a pair of deep sepulchral tones sufficient to warn the heart of a coldest coquette. No, all her visions were gloomy, and she got up every morning, and she knew, of others which four had placed deep in its bowels.

Such was Miss Mary Ann Jenkins when we knew her, and for a long time she was a mystery to us—a piece of mortality having something about it so unearthly that we feared—something diagonal, flesh and blood for no good object, we thought. But by degrees we became more familiar with the society, and had studied her character a little, we found her to be one of those poor self-made natures who have so warped the exalted powers of their volume, had gradually provoked her appetite, until she was perfectly horrible—the horrible shot from her eyes with open and her stock of common sense had become diseased.

The monomania exhibited her existence, and was frequently caused for grievous misery, besides involving her in many bothersome difficulties.

On one occasion she entered a store for the purpose of making some purchases; but no sooner caught the eye of the young man who boasted forth to wait upon her, than she started back from the counter, and pointing to the amused clerk, exclaimed in heart-piercing tones, "Those eyes, oh, swear to them! they were in my chamber last night! Avaunt, deceiver! thou hast no power over me!"

The decorous establishment of Messrs. Flam and Humbug was not of such an accommodating character, and the unoffending clerk would have been turned out of doors by his irate employers had not proved an aide. But the incident afforded so much food for mirth, while its consequences had not been fatally obliged to resign his comfortable situation, and betake himself to a lawyer. Miss Jenkins, after a long and tedious process, recovered the damages at a cost which caused her ever after to look upon a counter with fear, and to purchase her good clothes and good looks to entrap the innocent through a milliner.

But the most serious adventure in which she was concerned was a love affair which caused her the most serious anxiety for the loved the object of her choice with a devotion unparalleled except in the annals of the Knights of the Mind Love-stricken. Her partiality for her was of a sobayer description, but she was not without the knowledge of the progress she possessed.

Her courtship was progressing smoothly and undisturbed enough until a dreadful rumor of murder of a wife by her husband came under her notice, and effectually banished from the mind of her loved all notions of matrimony. The newspapers were full of the affair, and it was the talk of the town. The circumstances were as follows:

A certain Mr. Smith had married a young lady, and for a time they lived happily together. But by degrees he became addicted to drink, and, as is usually the case, he was not long in becoming a confirmed drunkard. His wife, who was a woman of a very high spirit, could not endure this, and frequently remonstrated with him upon his conduct, but all to no purpose. He would not be reformed, and at last she left him, and went to live with her father, who was a respectable farmer, residing in a village about twenty miles from London. Here she remained for some time, and was happy in the society of her father and mother, and her own children, who were now grown up around her. Smith, who was a man of a very high spirit, could not endure this, and frequently remonstrated with him upon his conduct, but all to no purpose. He would not be reformed, and at last she left him, and went to live with her father, who was a respectable farmer, residing in a village about twenty miles from London. Here she remained for some time, and was happy in the society of her father and mother, and her own children, who were now grown up around her. Smith, who was a man of a very high spirit, could not endure this, and frequently remonstrated with him upon his conduct, but all to no purpose. He would not be reformed, and at last she left him, and went to live with her father, who was a respectable farmer, residing in a village about twenty miles from London. Here she remained for some time, and was happy in the society of her father and mother, and her own children, who were now grown up around her.

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"THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE."

The sentiment certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Noble for the subject of marriage. Hymen is by far to folly; he is self-miller—one of the hymn than the crocodile; while Noble is just the one ought to be—all tears.

There seldom is a marriage that is not spectrist that is not Noble. No one—neither he has a sack of gutta percha, thoroughly waterproof—should think of going on a wedding with less than two packet-handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the "joyful occasion." Men take their stand at the door, with a pail of water, and sponging, indeed, when the "little things are well in."

If a kind of matrimonial barometer were kept in each family, and it could be referred to at the ends of the weather at the friends accurately registered, we have no doubt that on the average being taken the following results would be revealed:—Intense Massage, July; Dubno Mazeaux, May; Aetna Insurance, June.

Meteorologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we but get at the exact cause or exact amount of "dew" prevailing during courtship.

Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the first occasion of his wife's "taking on" in a manner melancholy than a funeral. The bride wage of the bridegroom, and her shadow, as they leave the church because she's about to leave her Ma and Pa, and nothing to be left behind, but that she will always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she buries into tears because she's afraid. In the case of the real widow, it is the first sorrowful separation from Harry Villi—in the case of bereaving one, it is the realization of the "lamb," regardless of the "mint" sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom misvile—either because cutting, or because, in the case of the first caught, for Mooney's sake, to appear deeply moved by the sight of his wife's emotion, seems to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps.

THE BEAUTIES OF AUTUMN.

Every person, perhaps, has a favorite season of the year—some preferring the summer, others the gay and glorious spring, while a few choose the cold, the golden autumn. The rest of our pleasure is confirmed by an intense love of nature, for all things are more melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, with all its fear, sadness, and the consciousness of a desire never to be wholly gratified here below. Love is the eager yearning of the soul after a good that it feels is not its own—

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the LEDGER, (containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We do not want any clubs formed in towns where there are news-offices established. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

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NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

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In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, (nearly all of whom write only for the LEDGER,) we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week. We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other weekly papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

If we were to say it in brief, we should say that American women, composite in their graces and charms, cluster all the highest orders of their sisterhood the world over, and blend in themselves the perfections of their sex. Not like ours were the women of France, or Napoleon would not, when Madame De Stael asked:—"What does France most want?" have replied, "France wants good mothers." American women may have had prototypes, but they were individual or in isolated groups, and not the sex of whole nations or races. Woman has never failed, since the world began, to illustrate, in instances, the glory of her nature—never ceased to manifest the divine in the human. With the regal Esther, yearning to bless her enslaved kindred, and the love-inspired daughter, who suckled her grey-haired father through a prison's bars, there have not been wanting parallels, in all ages, to prove that the angels of God still wander on the Earth, to remind man of Eden, and give him a foretaste of Heaven.

It was not Semiramis and Zenobia, writing their names in blood; not Aspasia, corrupting Athens and making Greece drunk with the wine of her sensuous charms; not Cleopatra, Egypt's beautiful, and the world's most shameless courtesan;—nay! none of these—famous through their unwomanliness and infamy—were illustrators of the glory of their sex—none of these typed American women. Their type was, rather, Penelope weaving amid her maidens, through weary years, the web that shielded her virtue until her royal husband returned from his wars and wanderings to gladden her heart; or courteous Rebecca at the well; or timid Ruth gleaning in the field; or, nobler still, the Roman Cornelia, who, taunted in Rome's decaying age by rivals with her poverty, held up her virtuous children, exclaiming:—"These are my jewels!" Fit woman to have been "mother of the Gracchi," and like whom had all Roman Mothers been, Rome might to this day have boasted an unbroken progeny of heroes.

The stamina of a nation depends on the character of its women. If the mothers are intelligent and virtuous; if they teach nobly—the daughters modesty, industry, simplicity and truth, and the sons justice, patriotism and honor—poverty, bondage and shame can never come upon the land of which the children of such mothers are the most enduring basis and bulwark.

Thank God, the generation that planted the wilderness of the New World with the seeds of surpassing empire—an empire now radiant with light and liberty—had such mothers. Their sons and daughters were the precious freight of the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower," and, from the landing at Plymouth, through the centuries of peril and sacrifice by which our fathers conquered the wilderness, the savage, and the bitterer father-land oppressor—giving us wealth and fame when they had only poverty and obscurity—the race of noble American mothers has been preserved. Mothers who taught their sons to worship God, to love their country and to honor manhood; who led them to the altars of religion, and cheered them with brave hearts to the battle-field, buckling the shield to each young hero's arm, bidding him return victoriously with, or honestly dead without it.

A noble race are American women—God forbid that they should cease to be such. Nor will they as long as they are taught that the truest beauty, grace, and glory of woman lie in her intelligence, simplicity and virtue. Teach her to love home and country, to honor parents and old age, to practise industry and to respect sacred things; in short, educate her as a daughter fitly to become the wife of a freeman and the mother of freemen, and ages hence, as now, she will eclipse her sex in all the world.

ON THE TOP ROUND.

If the advance of a people in civilization may be judged, as some aver, by their appreciation of the highest development in arts and manufactures, we Americans may claim to stand on the top round of the ladder; for there is nothing exquisite and rare in these directions, that we are not prompt both to appreciate and possess. From the most substantial and economical to the most fanciful and luxurious products—whether for ornament or use—we are bound to be not a whit behind the Old World. If we are not yet prepared to create them, we can import them, for China, and Persia, and India, and the factors of Europe, are glad to lay their genius and skill under tribute to our dollars. Perhaps not yet as affluent in means, or as luxurious in taste, as were the Ninevites and Babylonians, still we enjoy, beyond doubt, a glory of really useful and beautiful arts and manufactures greater, or at least more generally diffused, than any other people ancient or modern.

A saunter through the richly-freighted shops and bazaars that line the great thoroughfare of our city, would afford ample proof of this, especially to one who had traveled observingly through the marts of the Old World. Indeed, in such a saunter, one might easily see that our merchants and traders have compassed a portion of everything rare and beautiful produced by the combined skill and industry of the globe. Our ships have sharp prows and swift keels, and those who wing them venture wherever the genius of trade points the way. And if this be the measure of our accomplishment in the first age of our national existence, what will it be—with human discovery, science and skill, only on the threshold of achievement—when ten centuries shall have passed over our land. Thought is bewildered with the vision of splendor and luxury that opens through such a future.

BAD HUSBANDS.

It is a matter of common complaint that husbands are getting more and more into the habit of cruelly beating their wives, and of behaving with scandalous and even criminal infidelity. Some ascribe this unpleasant and disagreeable state of things to the spread of spiritualism, free-love, and kindred bedevilments, whereby the joints and bonds of society generally are loosened, and man's natural selfishness and brutality are brought into freer play; while others ascribe it to the inflexibleness of the marriage tie, and the rigidity of religious dogmas, which have so long bound the hearts and minds and imaginations of men as with bands of iron, and which being now cast off by many, leave them in such a weak and crippled moral condition that they cannot bear up against the temptations which swarm around them. All such reasons as the last are utterly foolish and false, though there is probably much truth in the former. Spiritualism and free-love are making rapid strides; and when men have once given scope to their baser passions it is natural for them to turn upon their innocent and pure wives, and by ill-treating them, expend the fury which conscience and a sense of self-degradation kindle in their bosoms. But the afflicted, in this State at least, may look forward with hope. A bill will be introduced in the next Legislature to protect married women against such outrages, and no doubt the example will be followed in other States. Vice and brutality shall not always go unpunished.

CASH.

There is music in the ring of cash. To the generous nature it sings of comforts bestowed upon the needy, of blessings showered upon the dear ones at home. Who can gaze upon a golden eagle that is his own, without a feeling of pride and pleasure in the possession? If he came by it honestly, no matter what long course of crime it has come through to hands that clutched it before it rested in his palm. It brings with it none of the stains that have smeared the hands of former possessors. "The smell of all cash is good," quoth Vespasian. In cash honestly earned and generously used there lie germs of ever-increasing dignity and honor. Penniless wits may sneer at cash as they please; their shafts fall upon it as harmless as Trojan darts upon the Vulcan-forged shield of Achilles; and besides, they can always be bought over with a small sum, and made to laugh on the other side—and full stomachs. Yes, cash is ever great, and always convenient. The clink of coin and the rustle of bank notes are harmonious and glorious. Therefore, ye sons and daughters of men, put cash in thy purses, and expend it with a prudent hand. Be not niggardly nor lavish in its use, but in the expenditure of gold always seek the golden mean. So shall your possessions increase with your age, and your declining years be passed in independence and comfort.

"SUICIDE OF AN UNKNOWN GIRL."

How often this startling and melancholy announcement stares at us from out the column-record of casualties and deaths. "Suicide of an Unknown Girl:" what a history of blighted hopes, of insupportable disgrace, of a daughter outcast from her father's roof, of suffering and despair, is compressed within that short line. And yet how few there are who experience any emotions of grief or sympathy on reading this oft-printed announcement. It is taken, as a matter of course, with all the rest, and soon blotted from the memory by other records. And yet, what object on earth so demands the heart's best compassion as a poor, betrayed, outcast, homeless girl walking the streets of a great city, without a friend on earth, and not daring to turn her gaze or lift her hopes to Heaven? Such a condition is hard and bitter enough for a man, with all the iron nerve and resource and hardihood of his sex; but for a woman, who can utter its terrors and agony? No wonder that to such a one the smiling waters of the river murmur wooingly; and that with hopes blighted, affections betrayed, heart crushed, body starved, and brain crazed, she leaps to the dark flood's embrace, glad with its aid to escape

"Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!"

THE GRAPE.

While the pulse and blood of monarchy and feudalism are running low in the Old World, the Old World vineyards are also slacking. The royal grape, along the Mediterranean and the Ægean, is dying out. We are threatened with a stopper to our imported goblets, and may not much longer quaff the Esterhazian vintages, nor toy with the juices of the rare clusters of Champaigne, Madeira, Sicily and Cyprus. O, Bacchantean powers! so long lavish of your libations—your Samian and Falernian nectars—why do you shut down, at this late day, the gates of your paradise? But, never mind; if the vine shrivels in the Old World, its pulse begins to throb, and its purple veins to swell right royally in the New. Our vineyards are broadening in all the land. The smile of the sun flashes along their thickening clusters. America is to be the vine-land of the future. And with the universal prevalence of vineyards, the age of drunkenness will pass. The "pure juice" will be quaffed as harmlessly as the pure cluster is eaten. Speed the day, O fates, when the grape shall bloom around every cottage. Plant vineyards, O, husbandman, and find pleasure and profit therein. O, sun, be kind, and descend tenderly ye rains and dews, and breathe warmly ye winds, that our clusters may blush the imperialest purple.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRIP TO THE CAATSKILLS.

NUMBER FOUR.

A lack of competition is said to affect progress. That the traveler to the Caatskills has no choice but "The Mountain House," should not, it seems to me, act as an extinguisher to enterprise upon its well patronized landlord. I might make many suggestions as to improvements, by which I am sure he would, in the end, be no loser. It needs no great stretch of the imagination to fancy the carriage which conveys victims to "The Falls," a relic of the Inquisition. I did not know till I had tried it, how many evolutions a comfortably-fleshed woman could perform in a minute, between the roof and floor of such a ve-higgle! (Result—a villainous headache—and the black and blues.) I noticed a small book-shelf in the very pleasant ladies' parlor. "Praise God Barebones," I think, must have made the selection of the volumes. But it is pleasanter to commend than to find fault. I could forgive many short-comings for the privilege of feasting on the wholesome light bread, which to a saleratus-consuming,—saleratus-consumed New Yorker, was glory enough to nibble at. Blessings, too, on the skillful fingers which stirred up those appetizing omelettes, and sublime orange-puddings. What an amusement it is, to be sure, to watch a man when he gets hold of the dish he fancies! What fun to bother him with innumerable questions while he is trying to eat it in undisturbed rapture—meanwhile wishing you at the North Pole. How cynical the creatures are, the last interminable half hour *before* meals, and how sweetly amiable, and lazy, *after*. Then is your time to try men's soles; to insist upon their taking a walk with you, when they can scarce waddle,—when visions of curling Havana smoke invite them to two-legged piazza-chairs, digestion, and meditation. *Then* is your time to be suddenly seized with an unpostponable longing for a brisk game of ten-pins, to test the sincerity of all their disinterested speeches. My dears,—the man who continues amiable while you thus stroke his inclinations the wrong way, may safely be trusted in any matrimonial crisis. I endorse him.

With regard to the Falls it may be a delusion, but I think it is rather a damper to sentiment to fee a man to turn on the water for them! and I know it is a damper to the slippers to go down into the ravine beneath—which, joking aside, is very beautiful, and a great place for a bear to hug you in. Instead of which, I met a young parson whom I knew by token of his very black coat, and very white neck-tie; and who actually pulled from his sacerdotal pocket a profane handkerchief which I had carelessly dropped, presenting it with as much gravity as if he had been giving me "the right hand of fellowship." Heaven help him—so young—so well made—and so solemn!—I felt immensely like a frolic. And speaking of frolics—oh, the mountains I had to leave unclimbed—the "campings out" foregone—and all because I was foreordained to petticoats—hampering, bush-catching petticoats!—all because I hadn't courage to put on trousers, (in which, by the way, I have made several unsatisfactory private rehearsal attempts to unsex myself but nature was too much for me,) and wade knee-deep in moss to see what man alone, by privilege of his untrammeled apparel, may feast his eyes upon. It is a *crying* shame. Ten-pins, too—who can get a "ten-strike" in petticoats? See what I would do at it in a jacket and unmentionables—though I really think nature had no eye to this game when she modeled a woman's hand and wrist. Now I dare say there are strait-laced people who will be shocked at the idea of a woman playing ten-pins. Well—let them be shocked. I vote for it for two reasons: first, for the exercise, when dripping grass and lowering skies deny it to us elsewhere; secondly, because it is always a pleasant sight to see husbands sharing this, or any other innocent recreation, with their wives and daughters, instead of herding selfishly in male flocks. I like this feature of domesticity in pleasure-seeking in our friends, the Germans. I like the Germans. Their joy is infectious. A sprinkling of such spirits would do much towards infusing a little life into the solemn business way in which Americans too often pursue, but seldom overtake, pleasure. Yes—it is a lovely sight to see them with their families! and oh, how much more honorable and just, to a pains-taking economical wife and mother, than the expensive meal, shared at a restaurant with some male companion, while she sits solitary—to whom a proposal even for a simple walk would be happiness, as an evidence of that watchful care which is so endearing to a wife's heart.

Not the least among our enjoyments were our evenings at the Caatskills. When warm enough, promenading on the ample piazza with pleasant friends; when the out-door temperature forbade this, seated in the parlors, listening to merry voices, looking on young and happy faces, or—what is never less beautiful, upon those who, having reached life's summit, did not, for that reason, churlishly refuse to cast back approving, sympathizing glances upon the young loiterers, who were still gleefully gathering flowers by the way.

Then, too, we had music—*heart* music,—from our German friend, Ferdinand Ulrich; whose artistic fingers often, also, gave harmonious expressions upon the piano to our *sunrise* thoughts, before we had left our rooms. Happy they, whose full souls can lighten their secret burdens by the low musical plaint, understood only by those who have themselves loved and suffered! Of how many tried and aching hearts has music been the eloquent voice? The ruffled brow grows smooth beneath its influence; the angry feeling,—calm as a wayward child, at a mother's loving kiss. Joy, like a white robed angel, glides softly in, and on the billows of earthly sorrow she lays her gentle finger, whispering—"Peace—be still!" FANNY FERN.

PAY UP.

Notwithstanding ancient Pistol's declaration that "base is the slave who pays," we say to everybody who owes, or shall hereafter owe a dime or a million—*pay up*. He who pays not, is not far removed from a villain, while prompt payment covereth a multitude of peccadillos. The "circulating medium" is the life-blood of society, and woe to him who retards its healthful flow; while he who has none of it in his pocket should anxiously set about the acquisition of it in some honest way. There are hundreds of men in New York who never "pay," and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. They wear the shiniest hats, the glossiest coats, the most irreproachable pants and boots; sport elegant jewelry, frequent the opera, are conspicuous in conspicuous places, and yet pay neither landlord nor washerwoman, neither servants nor victimized friends. Such people should be made an example of. They should be dunned in the public streets, and always find a constable sitting at their gate. Finally, if they continue incorrigible, they should be compelled to wear coats in public made of their unpaid bills.

FADING AND FALLING.

The summer has taken up her more delicate treasures and gone, and we feel, as we always do when a friend is taken from us, that we have not half known nor half appreciated the enjoyments that have been within our reach, for it is true as it is sad, that,

"In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening, up the skies,
The angels with us unawares."

Some of us—oh, how many! have gone through this solemn experience during the shining season that has just closed. Blessed are they who are not without hope, and have yet courage and strength to say—

"With our best branch in tenderest leaf
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf."

Poor, lonesome mother, missing all day long the prattle of a little voice, and the running about of little feet, it is a small matter to you that the flowers are dying under your windows, and the songs of the birds falling fainter and fainter. Spring time will bring them back. She knows her season, and the fresh furrows will not wait for her in vain.

But when will spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh, when will day dawn on the night of the grave?

These questions are troubling heaven through the times of new moons and of Sabbaths, and making the sober year more melancholy than all her falling leaves.

When the apples ripen, comes the thought of the hand that will not gather them, and when the oaks and the maples redden along the woods, the memory of the eyes that will look up and see them no more, makes their glory a foolish and vain thing.

The rain that used to make such pleasant music on the roof, has now a new and terrible significance, and the thought of the coming snow is associated with the narrow house that seems at best so cold. The wind knocking at the door seems to be demanding new victims, and not to be asking for a play-fellow as it used to seem to be doing,—but why enumerate?—the whole great world has fallen from beauty to ashes—the sky is leaden and dismal, and there is no excellence in the coming up of the sun.

But there is a paler host than the mourners for children, whose eyes see not the fading grass and the withering flowers—nothing but the white brows and folded hands of the husbands, wives, brothers, lovers, who are gone. These are they who will not be comforted, for all that made life anything to them, is vanished and returns not.

Come to them through the darkness, oh, messengers of peace, and assure their faltering souls that the same voice that called from them their beloved ones, speaks all the promises. "The self-same wind unbinds the winter snow, and comforts violets in their hermitage."

In their own time all seasons are beautiful—and this of wailing winds and withering woods, is not the least so; corn-fields and orchards, unyoked cattle, and stubble lands reminiscent of harvests, make all the wide country a pleasing prospect, and if, when we gather the lambs into our folds before the falling of the winter storms, we leave some without, we must remember that the good Shepherd will provide for them more abundantly than our best love knows how to ask; shall we not, therefore, learn how to say and to feel—

So, even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief: Death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden wall, had bloomed the other side?

ALICE CARY.

A WIFE'S DOMINION.

With wedlock all the romance and fond illusions of courtship vanish, to give place to pleasures of a more enduring character, and duties associated with the most eventful passages in the mutual lives of the married pair. The girl rapidly merges into the woman, clinging with earnest heart to the husband of her choice; and from the moment that she crosses the threshold of his house, she is destined by the kindly law of nature, which knits woman to man, to be to him

"A light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas, too long,
The fireside happiness, and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

Home is the dominion over which the wife is appointed to reign, and her ministers are the angel ones that clothe the flying hours of life with sweet contentment and the quiet joy that steals through the heart and gladdens all within its influence.

She ascends her throne like the moon, to sway by gentleness, and dissipate the sombre hues that overshadowed her husband's bachelorhood; and if she does not quite "o'er the dark her silver mantle" throw, the fault must, in very many instances, rest entirely with herself.

She is invested with the power to queen it with the grace that constitutes the sovereign charm of womanhood, and if she fails to exert her prerogative, it must either be through timidity, misapprehension, or neglect. Taking the mass of failures, and looking at them collectively, we are inclined to think that where no portion of the blame rests with the husband, they may be attributed more to the two former causes than the latter. The diffidence almost natural, and certainly always charming, in the young wife, deters her from venturing upon what she considers as experiments in management; and in her studied anxiety to be correct, she falls back upon her ignorance or preconceived notions of domestic duty, and, in the confusion thus created, becomes disheartened, sometimes frightened, and, after many struggles with the weakness, careless and indifferent. We are strongly of opinion that this would rarely occur if the young married woman commenced her career with a distinct conception of her duties, and a generous and enlarged appreciation of the character and value of a home.

ANGER.—Considering anger and irritability of temper in relation to our bodily welfare, how greatly should we conduce to ease, comfort and well-being, were we to correct and suppress all peevishness and turbulence of disposition! "Every human creature," says Dr. Blair, "is sensible to the propensity to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early part of life, else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which require to be diligently watched and kept under during the whole course of his life."

A GOLDEN IDEA.—Several persons have lately been giving mournful pictures of the state of things in California. This does not surprise us, as, from the nature of the soil, we always expected they would be very "dollar-ous."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A "NON SEQUITER" is a grammatical Adam, being a relative without an antecedent—something that is *apropos* to nothing, and comes after without following from. A good specimen of it was given by the pious man, who instanced, as a striking proof of the goodness of Providence, that it almost invariably makes a river run right through the middle of every large city. And quite akin to this instance of naivete was the reply of the boy, who, being asked whether some shillings which he tendered at a shop were good, answered with great simplicity:—"Ay, that they be, for I seed father make 'em all this morning."

IT is truly said of Shakespeare that he exhausted worlds and then imagined new, but this is a power vouchsafed to none but the chosen sons of genius. Common writers can become original, when they have exhausted their natures, only by becoming unnatural. Like a mountebank at a fair, they surprise our attention by their extravagance, but cannot keep it. We shrug our shoulders and forget them. Many are the writers, however, who prefer a present fool's cap to a future laurel.

A WRITER in one of our standard medical journals inquires why it is that women are more liable to take cold than men. Indeed we don't know, and we wouldn't be ungallant, but Dr. Hall says that the only way to avoid taking cold under certain circumstances is *to keep the mouth shut*.

IT is a military maxim that obedience must be implicit and unreasoning. There might have been a serious difficulty, however, in yielding a literal obedience to the adjutant of a volunteer corps, who, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all his men, cried out:—"All you that are without arms please to hold up your hands."

THE Right Rev. Dr. England, an English Bishop, was remarkable for always making curates preach for him. One of his parishioners very logically remarked that he had a very valid excuse for doing so, as he had the authority of Lord Nelson for asserting that "England expects every man to do *his* duty."

WE have received one of the Eastern pictorials, in which is a very nice engraving, representing a poet on the back of a flying eagle. We are personally acquainted with a great many of the poets, and we must confess that we have never seen one of them upon an eagle, though we have seen many a one "*upon a lark*."

IN the two extremes of life we have the most acute sense of novelty. To the boy, all is new: to the old man, when this world no longer offers variety or change, the most stimulating of all novelties is presented—the contemplation of a new existence.

A GENTLEMAN was dining at one of our hotels when peas had just come in season, and everybody called peas, peas, peas, till they were all gone. The gentleman was too late, so, rising and taking an attitude, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen may cry peas, peas, but there *is* no peas."

OPINION is a capricious tyrant, to which many a free-born man yields himself a slave. Men, deeming it more important to be valued than valuable—holding opinion to be worthier than worth—choose to be esteemed by those whom they do not esteem, rather than by themselves.

A MAN named Durbin was arrested in Tennessee last week for striking another with an axe. When interrogated, he said he did not know the name of the person he had assaulted. It seems he didn't know, and so he *axed* him.

OUR own experience should teach us to be exceedingly tolerant. We presume that every man has differed, at various times, from himself, as much as he ever differed at any one time from others.

THE editor of the Georgia Enquirer assails our friend of the Philadelphia Inquirer for spelling the name of his paper with an *I*. It seems a pity that some folks cannot be at their *E's* without trying to knock out other people's *I's*.

A STEAMBOAT, starting out from our port the other day, advertized that she had "a hundred *berths*" on board. She had one more before she got half way to her point of destination.

BRIGHAM YOUNG says, in one of his latest manifestos, that "the great resources of Utah are her women." It is very evident that the prophet is disposed to *husband his resources*.

IT seems to us to be a great moral question whether men who have established a reputation for inveterate lying have a *right*, in any given case, to tell the truth—the only expedient by which they can deceive their hearers.

A MAN boasted of having killed a young panther, whose tail was four feet long. A bystander remarked that the animal was killed seasonably, as the tail was long enough *not to be continued*.

"YOU have not opened your mouth during the whole session," said a member of the Legislature. "Oh, yes I have. I yawned through the whole of your speech to-day."

AN inquisitive and troublesome fellow, who squinted awfully, asked a member of Congress how he thought things were likely to go. "*As you see*," was the reply.

IT has been said, though ill-naturedly, of old men, that they like to give good advice, as a consolation for being no longer in a condition to give a bad example.

ONE of our divines asks why Cain, who seems to have offered his sacrifice in good faith, didn't obtain divine approbation. Probably because he wasn't *Abel*.

IT is a very erroneous imputation upon one of our prominent politicians that "he drinks hard." There's nothing in the world that he does easier.

CURRENT ITEMS.

MRS. GIULIA FORRESTI, an Italian lady, while walking rapidly along the Second Avenue, a few days since, struck the ball of her foot forcibly against a projecting stone in the pavement, and fell to the sidewalk. On regaining her feet, she found that she could not walk, owing to the intense pain in her injured foot, and which every moment grew more insupportable. A gentleman who was passing called a carriage, and Mrs. F. was taken home. The pain still increased frightfully, and at last lock-jaw set in, and the unfortunate lady was only saved from death by the most skilful and unremitting exertions.

A BRUTAL fellow named Lyelbon, living in Avenue A, a few evenings since attacked his wife, knocked her down and stamped on her, and then kicked one of his children, a little girl of seven years, so violently in the stomach that the blood gushed from her mouth. He was arrested and taken to the station house, but a *certain municipal officer interfered and had him set free!* His aid is valuable at the polls.

SOME days ago a man named Tucker was arrested for horse-stealing in Glasgow, Missouri, and sent to jail. Soon after a mob of sixty persons assembled in front of the prison, and announced their determination to lynch the horse-thief. They commenced an assault upon the jail, which so terrified Tucker that he hung himself in his cell, with a towel.

A YOUNG girl named Irene Phillips, recently threw herself into the East River, with the intention of drowning herself. On being rescued and interrogated, she said that she could obtain no employment, and as she could not sustain life except at the sacrifice of virtue, she had come to the conclusion to end her miseries and temptations at once.

A MAN named Wood, who poisoned his brother and sister-in-law some two years since, in the western part of this State, and inherited their property amounting to some forty thousand dollars, has just been detected, and will now probably meet the punishment due to his crime. Murder will out.

A SAILOR named Savage, while drinking a glass of brandy in a saloon in Front-street, a few nights ago, suddenly clapped his hand upon his stomach, exclaimed "O Lord, I'm a dead man!" fell to the floor, and immediately expired.

A MISS Horton, of South Butler, Wayne county, New York, was recently found suspended, by a couple of skeins of yarn, from the branch of a tree in a piece of woods near her residence. On being taken down she was found to be dead.

A MAN named Spreadlin, was lately found dead near Fincastle, Virginia, in a hollow tree, supported by a sharpened piece of timber passing through his under jaw close by the windpipe, and the other end resting in the ground.

IT is stated that several hundred widows and orphans, whose funds were invested in railroad and mining securities, have been reduced to beggary, by the ruinous decline of such stocks within the last month.

RECENT developements made by officers who were engaged in laying the cable for the Atlantic Telegraph, seem to indicate that the project is a hopeless one, and will have to be abandoned.

FOUR thousand Mormon emigrants are now on their way across the Rocky Mountains to the Great Salt Lake City. At last accounts they were making good progress and in a highly O-be-joyful condition.

A WALK BY THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. E. H. SIGOURNEY.

Roll, Ocean wide! with surging tide
Thy round the light house beacon,
In conflict with you frowning Rock,
That form rejection makes—
In conflict with the shrieking wave
Our which, with blending spray,
Then heav'st the shell and sea-weed back
In still, commingling play.

What dost thou say?—I see thy sway
As thy deep thunders roll,
And listen to thy solemn lore
With enlarged soul.
Oh, there's not, with nature's power replied,
To be silent—by the way!
I hear no fellowship with them
The lords of earth and sky.

"With ships they ride my spray to mock—
I toss them round free—
I break their navies like a reed,
Down to my depths they go.
Mean-while, the way I am wild with spray
Stems billow seek the shore,
Bright with the sky-reflecting sheen
Whence they refresh no more.

Oh, then most proud—I own thy power
Would tell the world take heed,
Who turns thee, with the law of mind,
Like an o'ermastered steed?
Even as a babe from his mother
Shall thee recall with dread,
Who, in the earth's original hour,
Thou, the Lord's voice up thy dead."

Then opening wide thy mighty pride,
Shall thou de pray restore—
The beauty and the wealth of earth—
From rifled bosom and where
Thou hast hid for me yields the long
Locks of thy weary dead,
Restoring them in mockery of shame
Thy life-child away!

Weekly Rill, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1857.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

AUTHOR OF "GUERNA, THE SOLO-HEARTED," "THE OUTLAWED OF ACADIA," "RANGER, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

HOME AND SURROUNDINGS.

Days of joy and sunshine, of peace and of gladness, passed at the widow's cot upon the lake-shore. Mrs. Wallace had learned to love Cora as though she were her own child; and so, too, did she love Bion. Jack played with them, and worked with them; and in the evening, when there was no story to be told, the two children took their turns at reading aloud. Cora, even at the end of a week, could hardly realize that Bion was a stranger with "Grandma." The transition seemed too great and joyful to be an earthly possibility. Many a time, when the joy-flood was welling up in her bosom, did she suddenly stop and wonder if she were not in a sweet dream. She remembered of dreaming such dreams when she had been reading some pleasant book. But she had dreams, after all, so thank God that it was all real.

Time flew on, and the day of departure came. Jack had deposited five thousand and five hundred dollars with a responsible firm in the neighboring village, with the understanding that his mother should draw upon it whenever she had occasion. Bion had brought a thousand dollars with him to deposite in his manner for Cora. Jack fought against it as long as he could, but he determined to take care of her himself.

"Look ye, Jack," the boy at length said, "you mean well, but you are, in fact, trying to rob me of the highest joy I have in my power to give. Do you say joy in taking care of your kind old mother? Tell me!"

"Do I? You know I do."

"Well—suppose some man should come along and rob you of this privilege? Suppose he should prevent you from helping her any more, and supply all her wants himself, so that when she needed her protector she would have to thank another?"

"Why—no boy—such a thing couldn't be! I'd put such a man in the hold and starve him!"

"Then let me have the privilege I ask," said the boy, with beseeching eyes.

"By the Cat of Neptune, me boy, I beg your pardon! spoke the old sailor, stirred up by the appeal. "I understand it now. I want my mother saved. You must forgive me."

Of course all was readily done; and the thousand dollars was deposited for Cora.

"Oh!" the noble Bion, "the sweet girl murmured, as she clung to her youthful lover's breast, "I scarcely can bear to think of leaving you, because I know it would make you very unhappy if I did not. And I accept it, too, because it will make me happier to feel that I am not a burden to you!—Dependent upon you, I know; but I have a right to do it, for you have given me now and forever!"

"Blessed Cora! O, you know not how happy you make me!"

"And, if you both live, it shall be the one great aim of my life to make you always so happy as I am girl, as she pillowed her face upon his bosom and wept for joy.

The hour for departure came, and the wagon was at the door. It had been arranged that the letters should be directed, and how often they should all write. The last adieus were spoken—a long, warm embrace, and Cora and Bion were left lasts the wagon. Then Bion bid the widow farewell in the same way, and then turned to his gentle Cora. He pressed her to his bosom. He said "God bless you always!" He looked and felt in a moment more he was by the side of Jack. When the wagon had gone a short distance he looked back. Cora waved her hand, and smiled a gentle blessing; and in a few seconds more she was hidden from sight.

Could Bion have seen his beloved as the horses reached his main road he would have seen her weep and sobbing upon the widow's bosom; but he saw it not. He saw only her last sweet smile, and that expressed good in his mind. He did not know what an effect that smile had cast her, nor how long she had been schooling herself to bestow it upon him. She had thought that he would be happier if he left her smiling, and she had resolved to grant him the boon. She had done it, and it had given to her lover a source of happy reflection that was to last him for many months.

As the dear Jack and Bion reached the ship, and they found her already loaded and cleared. The captain took Jack aside on the first opportunity.

"Jack," said he, "I am going to take you into my confidence, and I wish you to promise beforehand to keep secret whatever I may wish kept."

"I'll do that readily, sir," replied the old sailor. "I wouldn't do it for many, sir; but I know you are too honorable a man to impose upon me any conditions which I ought not to keep.—Why do you look at me so sharply, sir?"

"Why—I'll tell you, Jack," returned Puffer, with a smile. "I was struck with the remarkable change in your manner of speaking."

"Why—How?—What d'ye mean, sir?"

"I mean that your language and pronunciation have improved."

"O—oho—ye," uttered Jack, thoughtfully, "I suppose it must be from reading so much."

And so it was—partly that, and partly from association with Bion. At all events, his language had improved, and his words were chosen with better taste than formerly; though he had not realized how much his speech had changed.

However, the captain complimented him, and then proceeded with his business. He told Jack all about Bion's wealth; and also of his ward's visit to Narrowgrips & Co., together with what he learned there. And then he told of Margery's visit to the ship.

"Then it's just as I expected," said Jack, "not at all surprised, though intensely interested. "That man—Christopher Huntley—is Bion's Uncle, and he has robbed the boy of his wealth."

"But what do you think of Bion's trying to bring him to justice?"

"When do you mean, sir? D'ye mean for him to go at it right away?"

"Yes. I want to know what you think of it."

"What do you think, sir?"

"I want to know what you think, first."

"Well, sir," replied Jack, very seriously, "I'm afraid the old villain 'll prove too many guns for him. Bion's too young to go at him now. If the boy had come other ridiculous living, or, if he had

THE SUSPICIOUS BEARER OF PIES AND A SURPRISING LETTER.

any rich friends, it might do; but the uncle's got all the power and all the money. Ah, captain, money will work wonders in such cases."

"Then you think Bion had better not know of this at present?"

"I think so, sir. 'Twould only make him uneasy and wouldn't help him. One of these days, when he's older, he might know all about it. But for the present I think he'll be far better off as he is."

"You've expressed my opinion exactly, Jack. And we'll say nothing. And now you had better make up your bunk on board the ship. I don't want Bion to go to the hotel at all; and if he has occasion to go up town we will see that he has protection without his knowing it. If he asks you why you don't go to the hotel, you can tell him you have been acquainted in the office of several mate of the ship, and that you cannot leave."

"But when he sees that I sink second mate,—what shall I tell him then?"

"But you are second mate. I have secured the office to you."

"Eh?—What!—Second officer of this ship?" cried Jack, in blank surprise. "You don't mean so."

"But I do mean so. Do you not feel competent to do the duty?"

Jack's eyes filled with tears, and for some moments the words stuck in his throat. He finally he said:—

"You sir,—thanks to noble, generous Bion, and thanks to God for giving him to me,—I do!"

"Ah—what of the rest, sir?"

"Why, sir—he taught me to read and write, sir. It has been my ignorance of that that has held me back so long. I know sailing and all such matter knows the printer; and now I know all the rest."

"You will make your preparations for the voyage to have information ready to-morrow. You will come into the cabin, but not as a waiter. He will still hold his regular office, and perform all regular duties. But I claim the privilege of having one so young under my own care."

Jack was too full of gratitude to express it all then; but he was quickly relieved by the captain's calling back upon business.

It was finally arranged that Bion should know nothing of what had been learned concerning him; but that Captain Puffer should, when he had time, write Uncle Jack carefully and fully, so that, in case of accident, the boy should have it. After this, Jack went to seek his protege.

Bion was so pleased when he learned that Jack had been promoted to the important office of second mate, that he rather felt glad of it on remaining on board. He spoke once of Christopher Huntley's bad luck very soon, perceived him to think no more of that man for the present. Said the old sailor—

"Let him go now, Bion. We shan't have time to do anything; and if he is a villain, and suspects that you know anything about him, he'll only get into trouble after you're aware of it."

Just then the captain came up, and delivered to the boy all of Margery's messages, save that portion alluding to Huntley. Bion was much pleased with what the second had to say, and received Cora's letter in his mind of quite a burden. As soon as he had opportunity he went down into the cabin and wrote a letter to the beloved girl, informing her of Jack's promotion; of their success on their trip to the city; and then he told of the meeting which Margery had left for him—how she was glad Cora was gone, and how she should always love her. And he promised to write again before he sailed.

Bion knew that Cora would feel much easier to know her Margery took her flight, and hence he had incorporated in with the letter was directed to her, and then gave it to Jack to deliver to Mrs. Wallace, and the captain sent it to the office with other letters of his own.

The following day, Captain Puffer noticed two villainous looking men who were hanging about the pier, and after watching them awhile he suspected that they had their eyes upon the ship. He called one of them to him, and after examining him from head to foot, he said—

"Look ye, my fine fellow, I want you to understand that there are sharp eyes after you; and if you wake up in the jug some bright morning you must be surprised. That'll be you've got to say. Good day, sir!"

Half an hour afterwards the two men disappeared; and in two hours more Christopher Huntley made his appearance on board the ship. Bion was sent below when the captain saw him coming.

"Ah—beautiful day," said the merchant, in a nervous, money tone.

Captain Puffer could not wholly endure the look of utter contempt that he knew dwelt upon his face. Had he before entertained the least doubt concerning the probability that the two villains whom he had frightened away from the pier had communicated that fact to Huntley, and that in consequence thereof Huntley himself had come, the doubts would have been all removed by the merchant's appearance and tone as he now spoke.

Several forced remarks were made by the visitor, and he then proposed that they should go into the cabin a moment.

"You must excuse me," returned Puffer; "but I have so much to look after here that I dare not leave. But any business can be done here, sir."

"Ah—never mind. But about that boy. Let's see—what's his name was?"

"I have had several boys sir. Which one do you inquire for?"

"Why—the one we were speaking of the other day."

"Which one was that?"

"O—Bion, his name was, I think. *Bion*. That's it."

"Well—what of him, sir?" asked the captain, looking fixedly upon the face of his guest.

"Why—you remember what we were speaking of," returned the merchant, uneasily.

"Let's see. We did speak of him, I remember now."

"Why—yes—you know I told you about his dishonesty. Of course you will not have him go the rest."

"What would you advise me to do with him, sir?"

"Well—set him ashore. You can do no more."

"I'll think of it, sir; and if I do set him ashore I'll not let you know."

"I wish you would, sir; for I might provide a boy that will suit you better than that one."

"I'll be sure to send you word, sir, when I put him ashore. By the way—shall I send his chest to your store?"

"O—no, no! He has money enough to pay for taking back upon shore. He can send for them—hasn't he?"

"I have no idea he has."

"Then let him do so. Just you set him on shore, and I'll be sending for some of my goods. I will willingly call I can get him a good home where he can be strictly kept and governed."

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"Look ye, my fine fellow, I want you to understand that there are sharp eyes after you; and if you wake up in the jug some bright morning you must be surprised. That'll be you've got to say. Good day, sir!"

Bion felt free and at home once more, and soon became the acknowledged favorite of both officers and crew. Life was still better him, and he turned his thoughts to the future with pure and earnest resolves.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM, AND THE ISLAND.

We must now pass over a term of years very briefly. The cruise of the Good News was performed without accident or startling adventure of any kind. Of course there was much of interest transpired in the minute world on shipboard, but as it has nothing to do with the development of our story, we pass it by. At the age of fifteen Bion aged, accompanied Jack to the sweet cottage on the lake-shore. He found Cora grown more beautiful than ever, and she declared that he had improved in every way. The widow was well and hearty, and lived now in the bright sunlight of Cora's smile and song.

Two weeks were passed there—two happy, joyous weeks—and then the sea-farers departed for their ship again.

The first mate of the Good News had been promoted to the command of a new ship, and Jack Wallace was raised to his place.

Christopher Huntley was not in the city. He had gone to Cuba for the health of his wife, and his business was in the hands of a competent agent.

At length the ship cleared again, and Bion was once more upon the water.

Two years more, and our hero grew older and stronger. Cora's letters afforded him measure of the most exhilarating, and when he came to her he poured out his whole heart upon the paper.

Captain Puffer died, and another voyage followed, and Bion Bernard was twenty years old. He had grown to a powerful, athletic young man, and was acknowledged to be the best seaman on shipboard.

The Good News, still staunch and strong, lay at the pier in the city of New Orleans. Captain Wallace was to command her no more. He now owned the ship, and had taken command of another, and old Jack Wallace, his first movement was to ask Jack Wallace to take command, last Jack said no.

"Why no?" asked the old captain.

"Because I'm too old; and because I haven't got the education. If Bion Bernard will take the command, I'll go as his first officer."

When Captain Puffer was fully assured that Jack really desired this, he was much pleased, for he knew full well that Bion would make by far the best commander. The youth was not, perhaps, a better sailor; but he was more polished and educated, and possessed the mental as that respect which is so necessary on shipboard, and he had also more self-command than the sailor in his new position.

It was speedily arranged that Bion should take command, and that Jack should retain his old office of first mate.

Bion felt a proud pride when she first knew that her lover had been appointed to the command of a good ship. She clung to his bosom, and thanked God for the blessing thus bestowed upon him.

And even Jack, now grown somewhat corpulent in his advancing years, felt a proud pride as he gazed upon the noble youth before him, and remembered how he had him up from a helpless boy.

"One trip more, dearest," whispered the youthful captain, as he held Cora to his bosom.—"one trip more—and we will take upon ourselves the sacred vows of the union which has so long existed our souls together. One trip more, and our life-dream will be real."

It was a joyous thought, and the maiden's eyes beamingly beneath the tears that had gathered there.

She was a beautiful girl—lovely as she was good and pure. Her form was full to fairness. Men gazed upon her as they passed, and maidens who were not without envy in their hearts. Many a young in the village church all loved her, and were glad when she was beautiful, because her gentle manners her deep affection, and her sunny joyful heart won them all.

One thing alone remained to mar the contentment of the two lovers: They could not forget the past. They could not forget that they were bad parents; and the belief still clung to them that they had been deeply wronged. Cora remembered the story of her poor tutor; and Bion remembered mother—very much, that pointed to his own wrongs. He still regarded Christopher Huntley as his enemy, and he meant at some time to sift the matter to the bottom; but friends had advised him to wait until he was one-and-twenty, and he had concluded to follow that advice.

The day of sailing at length arrived, and Bion Bernard took his place upon the quarter-deck. The ship had been thoroughly overhauled, and was pronounced by competent judges as good as ever. Captain Puffer was upon the deck, and he went down as far as Sandy Hook, and returned with the pilot.

Five many days the crew had become accustomed to their new commander, and they readied, to a man, that he was a kind one, and would never abuse his power. Jack stood out of them for a fault. And their chief mate, too, they loved equally well. In fact, it was a model crew through and through, and one which better in stock than many a crew which has been made ugly and malicious by brutal officers.

The ship was bound first to Canton, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure and harmony of all on board until they were within about a week's sail of their destination. They had entered the Chinese Sea, and were standing due south.

One afternoon Bion came on deck and looked carefully about.

"What is it, Capt'n?" asked Jack, who had lounged to my "Capt'n" as naturally as his gruff voice as he'd ever did to my man.

"Don't it look a little bit freakish off here to the south'ard and west'ard?" said the captain.

Jack cast his eyes in the direction pointed out, and gazed for some moments.

"Well," he said, "it does look curious off there, but I'll think 'twill amount to much."

"I'm afraid so. The barometer has settled quarter of an inch since dinner."

"I hear?"

"Yes. And I'm afraid we'll have a blow. You see if I have had enough of them in these seas to go to look out for them."

"That's so."

In an hour from that time the sun sank below the horizon, clear and bright, and ere long the shades of night began to settle down over the water.

"Call all hands to shorten sail," ordered Bion. "Send down the topgallant and royal yards, and make ready to let the mast follow. We'll house the topmasts after that, sir."

The men were surprised at these orders; but they had learned to look upon all that their captain said as pure gospel, and they went at the work with a will.

"I'm alarmed we'll only have 'em to send up again in the morning," said an old Scotchman, who could see no signs of a storm.

"But, for all that, it will come very handy to have them to send up, Won't it?" returned the captain, who had overheard the remark.

In course time all, the old sailor responded, rather hesitatingly.

"Well—we might lose them if we left them up there over night."

Ere long the topgallant masts were on deck, and the topmasts housed, the topsails being left at their yard could be hoisted just clear of the cap at a moment's notice. The ship was put under a full reef, and not being the crossiness chock down when they were.

As nine o'clock the wind began to veer, and shortly afterwards it came around due eastward. It blew a short time, and then came out from the south'ard and westward. At first it came in soul puffs, varying in force from a mere breeze; but it settled down from about south-south-west, and began to blow a gale.

At midnight all hands were called. The old ship was put under close reef, and as the wind then lashed in fury by the gale, he said,—

"Well—after my twilights of I guess about what Capt'n Bernard says right. He says the north-east-a-northin' 'round to the south'ard I should say that's about the size of it, myself."

"Right, Ben—right, old boy," rejoined an old mariner, near. "I've been a-thinkin' the very same since he was knee-high to a chew o' 'terbacker, and no man ever knowed me to be wrong in the long run. When he says a thing, I tell ye, ye may depend upon it."

This conversation might have extended further, but the voice of the captain was heard calling the mate, and he left the group to go to him, and all collected upon the quarter-deck.

"Mr. Wallace," said Bion, in a clear, ringing tone, which sounded above the voice of the tempest, "we have seen last the beginning of this storm. We must expect to encounter it in its severe form. When he says a thing, I tell ye, ye may depend upon it."

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"Mr. Wallace," said Bion, in a clear, ringing tone, which sounded above the voice of the tempest, "we have seen last the beginning of this storm. We must expect to encounter it in its severe form. I apprehend no danger if every man does his duty. Stand by my ma, and I will do my best. I tell you now that we have a hard time before us. Keep your eyes open, and be ready for anything. Those who have had the first watch will stop then. Will you do it?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer—a simultaneous "Ay," and then the captain went at work to station the men.

The ship was now lying to under her three close-reefed mainsail, with her foresail, mizzen-staysail, and fore-storm-staysail. But as the fury of the storm increased it became evident that the lower mainsail was too much for her, and that an ugly sea was being taken aboard.

The first mate of morning appeared the wind had reached a fearful pitch. The gale had at like a mad demon, striking and tearing through the rigging; the rain came driving down in sheets, and the sea was lashed into fury, upon which rolled o'er the surface of the ocean like racing mountains.

"We can stand this no longer," said Bion, being obliged to cry into Jack's ear to make him hear. "Call all hands. The ma is ready, and we'll be swamped."

"Aye—and the gale has not reached its height yet, either."

The ship was now being pitched and driven about in wild fury—the huge seas breaking over her, sweeping her deck fore and aft—and anon lifting her off into the deep trough. Bion saw that the men were beginning to show signs of fear. They were obliged to cling to the rails for support, so one during to trust himself for a moment without a strong hold upon.

The youthful captain cast his eyes once more about the horizon, as the ship arose upon the brow of a mountain-like wave, and then he took to his love. He spread out his chart of the Chinese Sea, and having calculated his own position, and noted the various bearings of different points of land, he returned to the deck.

"Stand by the braces!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "We must put her before it!"

In an instant every hand grew lighter, and the men sprang with a will to the work. The helm was put carefully up, and ere long the noble ship was safely before the gale, flying away over the sea under the close-reefed main-topsail. The change

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to the motion of the vessel was as great as it was sudden. Only those who have lain up to a fierce gale, with the sea breaking over the bows at every plunge, and the ship heaving and pitching as though she would go to pieces at every throw, can realize the change which comes over the struggling craft as she turns her head from it and starts to run away. The sea no longer reach her decks; she no longer heaves and plunges, startling her crew from their feet at every new experience; but with wind astern she leaps from sea to sea, maintaining an even speed and pace; and if they can keep out of the way of the following mountains of water, and know that they have plenty of open sea ahead, they have little to fear.

As soon as the Good News had been thus directed, and was well hedged, the captain told the starboard watch they might go below and turn in. They had been on duty all night, and were much worn and fatigued.

Up to twelve o'clock, at noon, the gale continued to increase, and the four hours to be entertained that the topsail would not hold. The strain upon it was intense. The canvas seemed to swell and stretch before the fury of the gale, and the sheet groaned with the load they had to sustain.

At one o'clock the captain went aloft and examined the sail, and when he had come down, ordered the spare main-topsail to be got out and overhauled.

"Went the top't stand it?" asked the second mate.

"No—it cannot," replied Rion. "Even now it has started from the bolt-rope in several places. There is no—"

His words were cut short by a report like a cannon. The topsail had burst in the middle, and was in ribbons from the yard and rope.

"Aloft and bear the fragments!" shouted the captain. "Work for your lives, men! If there was ever a take and pull we may be swamped!"

The men saw the danger, and they made their way aloft as quickly as possible. All in one the light sack to gain the topsail-yard in that gale, was no easy matter to even the most practiced tar. The gale was so powerful that from an ordinary hold a man would have been blown to atoms. Every hand had to be carefully taken; the feet planted firmly; and the hands placed upon a safe hold. Then the bolts of the men were grasped to and fro like things of rags; and when they reached the yard it seemed as though their wind and their life was dried up through them or blown them off.

But the sail was cast loose—the starboard clew first—and when that was cleated home the other also followed safely. The sail was hoisted over the cap, and then attention was turned to getting up and bending the new main-topsail. It was a deal of trouble and labor, but the sail was beat and furled with a close-reef. The ship sailed and steered well under the double-reefed fore and main, conclud to let it remain as long as it would hold.

At two o'clock it was ordered that the gale had reached its utmost height; but still there were no signs of clearing up. All day the noble ship flew before the wind, and when night came it was still blowing furiously. To think of lying-to would be madness; and to think of scudding under bare poles would be equally mad, for with the topsail set the gigantic seas followed us most closely up.

At six o'clock Rion examined the chart, and reckoned up his log; and having found that he had plenty of sea room, he ordered, at present, to give her trumpet to Jack, and said he would go down and get a nap. He had not been in bed since the morning before the storm—over forty hours—and he felt now like giving way to the sleep his mate promise to call him if there was any change in the weather or in the sailing of the ship.

"How long may we stand on this course without danger?" Jack asked.

"Three hundred miles may be run in clear sea," answered Rion, as he turned to go below.

The captain was relieved at eight until three o'clock in the morning, and then he awoke of his own accord. When he came on deck the gale was still blowing furiously; but the moment the gale struck his cheek he knew that a change was near at hand. He could feel it in the wind, and he could see who had been upon the deck through the night.

"Keep up good spirits, my men," he cried, after he had turned his face to the gale awhile, "for we have a change for the better coming, and we can cheer up, hale!"

The men heard his words, and their faces were quieted. They knew he would never tell them an untruth for the purpose of cheering them; and their confidence in his knowledge was unbounded.

After the Rion went below and opened the chart again, and having calculated his reckoning, he worked out his position. Then he went on deck and found Jack.

"If we alter our course slightly to the eastward we shall be bound by our existing," he said.

"Land!" cried Wallace. "What land?"

"The Prince Islands. They are not over forty miles distant."

"But are you so sure as that of the distance we have made?" queried Jack, very cautiously.

"If you have kept your log regularly since dark, I am."

"Well you may depend upon that, sir."

"Then you may depend upon seeing land by other o'clock this morning."

In half an hour from that time the gale began to subside perceptibly, and by one hour the sea was up it had subsided to only a moderate breeze. At eight o'clock the island was right away to the eastward, and the sun burst forth, sending its resplendent beams over the troubled sea, and shedding gladness over the hearts of the worn and weary crew.

At half-past eight the look out at the mast-head reported land upon the starboard bow!

It was a welcome destiny which had led them to that mid-ocean island!

CHAPTER XLII.

A SURPRISING FIRST-BARGET.

The island which had thus been seen was in latitude 30°, 30 north, and bearing 115, 40 from the same two hundred and twenty miles southeast of Hong Kong. At ten o'clock the lookout reported land to the westward, and at noon with a village of huts near the shore. Rion took his glass and went aloft. He examined the place carefully, and was satisfied that he could run in easily. The wind had now settled to a moderate breeze which came out from the westward, and though the sea ran high, yet there was no danger to be apprehended. Men were stationed in the chains with the leads, and directed to throw as often as they conveniently could.

The entrance to the harbor was narrow, and flanked on either hand by bold bluffs, which were bare of trees, but yet green with verdure. The bay was about a mile wide in its greatest distance, and nearly the same in depth, from its entrance. The huts which the lookout had seen were some forty in number, and behind them was spread out quite a large tract of improved land.

"There was once habitation on Rion," he said, after venturing in; and he told the crew that if they had any experience he would not do it. But as the captain, undeterred, came to Rion's side and whispered in his ear—

"There's a full set of Yankee carpenters' tools in that house!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. I found a large hole to look through, and saw them plainly."

Rion was thoughtful for a few moments, but finally resolved to take no further notice of the matter of carpenters. He would look around for gold mine things more, and perhaps he might learn something of value.

An hour was spent in looking over the place, and then the vessel moved towards their boat. Rion had not been able to detect anything of a suspicious character, save at times when the old chief appeared to be uneasy and nervous; but that seemed to be more the effect of fear than anything else. Though they were the inhabitants of the island by eye open, and he prepared as completely as possible for any emergency.

Just as they reached the boat an old woman came out from among the crowd which had followed them to the shore, and presented Gropeith with a basket of figs. The fruit was fresh and ripe, and the captain ate of it. He asked her how much he should give her, and she held up two of her fingers. Rion took the hint, and handed her some money; but a couple of sixpences, with which she seemed much pleased; and as soon as she had got the figs she turned to the crowd and began talking, and was soon hidden from sight.

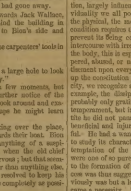
Rion had thought little more about that," said Jack, who had noticed the movement.

"There is, certainly," returned Rion. "In fact, there's something wrong all around us."

They pushed off, and when they reached the ship Rion ordered the boat to be hoisted up, and began to his cabin with Jack, taking the basket of figs in his hand.

"Don't you eat any of those things," said the mate, as he saw the captain eat.

"I thought of that myself, Jack," returned Rion, in a thoughtful mood. "These fellows are a set of villains, and I expect coldly to the injunction to be good, and the mind looks leniently upon what, in uncorrupted state, it would condemn and abhor.



"Is that Captain of the American ship ——and now you come in this morning, and I suppose you will be off again in the afternoon. Well, I am sorry to hear it, and make an attempt to get you to stay. If you will stay with me for a week or two I will not be a bucket of figs. This is my friend, but she thinks I am a rich man, and she has sent me a present of figs. I have no use for them, and I have nothing which I can send in return. Take them, and then strike your course as near as a right angle goes on that bearing. You will find a large island, and a thicket of small mulberries, and, at a distance of some forty miles, a harbor on an open bay. At the entrance to the harbor upon your left hand, a small conical hill. Upon the north side of this hill there is a little cavern, the mouth of which is secured by a great rock; and there you will find a priceless gift—something from which you may make your fortune, if you are so disposed."

"If you take your boat and pull out of the harbor, and then turn to the northward, and follow the shore up for about a mile, you will find a small creek on your left hand. Put into this creek, and you will find a village of huts, and a large house with a garden in front. Go to the house, open the right hand of the two doors, and you will find a native woman within. Land them, and then strike your course as near as a right angle goes on that bearing. You will find a large island, and a thicket of small mulberries, and, at a distance of some forty miles, a harbor on an open bay. At the entrance to the harbor upon your left hand, a small conical hill. Upon the north side of this hill there is a little cavern, the mouth of which is secured by a great rock; and there you will find a priceless gift—something from which you may make your fortune, if you are so disposed."

"In the name of Heaven—in the name of our noble ship—what does it mean?" exclaimed Jack, as the captain came to a halt.

"If you come at midnight you will be pretty sure to find the cavern open. Enter it, and you will find a—"

"Your countrymen. Long Rupert."

Rion had spoken in a low, distinct voice, and with emphasis, for it was written upon both sides, and the ink had spread badly. It was evidently written in haste, and the hand-writing could be guessed into Jack's face without speaking.

"Can you explain for all the strange things we have seen," he at length remarked.

"I do not understand it," he replied. "We can see through it now. That accounts for their being so shy. But I have heard that name Long Rupert before, in connection with—"

"Opium Ruche—I have, as sure as fate."

"And the name has a familiar sound to me, too," responded Rion. "But then I may have heard it before. However, I am glad to have learned if we have the power to do it."

"Of course they shall," cried Jack, bringing his hand down upon the table very emphatically. "By the powers, I'd be one of twenty to take them from the rabble of the village!"

"I guess there'd be no trouble in finding the place, and we follow your directions," said Rion.

After this the captain and his mate arranged their plans for the afternoon, and while the former was busy regaling himself with figs, for they had no more reason for fearing them.

The afternoon was spent in sullen inertia were sent aloft and sighted the yards crossed and the sails were certainly examined, for no one could be intimately acquainted with American patterns.

"Where have you got the figs?" asked Rion, pointing to some chairs which stood at the door of a hut.

"O—inside me," was the response.

"Who made them?"

"Men—women and—Prairie man—make 'em."

"But where did he learn?"

"O—me learn—way of where Englishmans be."

Men have better than this; but as he had no hope of arriving at the truth he let it pass.

By-and-bye they came to a long, low hut which was closed. Rion asked what it was for. The chief hesitated, and finally said he didn't know. It belonged to one of his men who had gone away.

Ten or fifteen minutes afterwards Jack Wallace, who had strayed into the hut, and, attracted by curiosities, undoubtedly, came to Rion's side and whispered in his ear—

"There's a full set of Yankee carpenters' tools in that house!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. I found a large hole to look through, and saw them plainly."

Rion was thoughtful for a few moments, but finally resolved to take no further notice of the matter of carpenters. He would look around for gold mine things more, and perhaps he might learn something of value.

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[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The women that has not tended the bears of a man before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it when passes him and security turn their powerful arms against her.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Habit is the basis of conduct, and, as an acquisition, largely influences, indeed makes up, the individuality we all possess. It may be divided into the habits of the mind, and the animal, and each condition requires the most incessant vigilance to keep the former unchanged by too familiar an intercourse with irregular indulgences. As regards the body, this is especially the case; for when positive disease is neglected, it inflicts severe class discomfort upon every one of the qualities that make up the constitution of what, for the sake of explicity, we recognize as mind and morals. Take, for example, the dissipated man. He, at the outset, probably only gratified the desires of a rather warm temperament, but in the best and fury of life appeals the full ease passes to discriminate between the beneficial and injurious, or the lawful and unlawful. He had a want, and not having the prudence to study its character, surrendered himself to the temptation of the moment. If the gratifications were one of so purely physical a nature that it led to the formation of a wish to have it renewed, excited the appetite, and made it crave for it more previously was but a luxury, or a stolen pleasure, becomes a necessity. The body is familiarized with a new mode of existence, and unless checked by the strength and purity of the mind, insists upon its being carried out and continued.

This is proved by the course craving which temperate habits of drinkard and debauchee. They have had their palates tickled, and every day that passes increases the power they have over their throat out of enjoying what they have accustomed their bodies to consider as a special proof of the attention and regard to support them. In the same with the sensualist, or any other disgraceful appendage of the mind, the gratification gives pleasure at first, and themselves to the commission of fearful moral effects, but in the course of time are unconscious of the atmosphere they have created around them. Their desires reach "mad bounds," and however they may have the voice of conscience, they will not they persist in the practices to which, in defiance of that voice, they have become habituated, and to have devoted themselves. Habits of body are thus formed under pernicious circumstances, and when the whole moral and mental system, from the tone of the pure and individual becomes vitiated, the mind is almost easily to the injunction to be good, and the mind looks leniently upon what, in uncorrupted state, it would condemn and abhor.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Tell me, ye lovely daughters of the rough dark earth, how you your beautiful images fit? Surely, by dainty fingers have you been formed! What is the fay spirit that has wrought you? Surely, it was your delight when they rocked themselves on your cradles? Tell us, ye graceful flowers, how they arranged themselves for their joyful task, and how they nodded and beckoned to each other, while you were calmly sleeping in your green cradle chests, so muddled, and so adorned! You are silent, and only look more lovely. Well, we will watch you, and learn.

The instructive fable shall relate what you withheld—in days long gone by, when the earth was yet a naked rock, a friendly group of nymphs bore upon it the virgin soil, and strewing over-spoken seed ready to germ, called forth flowers the hitherto barren ground. Variously were they employed; some were sowing, others were under the snow, upon the small, cold grass, modest flowers, whose purple tint and sweet fragrance betokening violet. Hope stepped on behind her, and filled with cooling balm the little cups of the refreshing primrose. Love advanced a great pace behind a troop of many-colored beauties; the Tulip raised herself proudly on her tall stem, and dazzled every eye, glanced smiling around. Other blinded spirits busied themselves in various ways, and covered the earth, rejoicing over her forms of beauty. As however, this glory, along with their joy over it, was not yet complete, Jubal and departed. Venus spoke thus to her Graces:—"Why turn you, my friends, your eyes away? Why do you hide your charms a mortal and visible flower?" They looked, and behold! Jubal, with his hand full of seed corns, formed the Lily; Thalia and Euphrosyne, with sisterly love, showered the flower of joy and love upon Rose. Many flowers of the field and garden carved each other; the Lily and the Rose alone, as if by mutual agreement, stood alone. The sister Graces had formed them inseparable. Thus, Jubal, they blessed mortals, and were rewarded by the sentence, and shedding beauty on each other. Upon the garden Jubal blooms the Lily and the rose; may also their graces—Innocence, Joy, and Love, ever dwell there, united and inseparable.

LESSONS FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

These lessons, the result of one and two syllables, are intended to be read by children to adults, on a principle of mutual instruction, by which means the class may teach and learn at the same time.

The Tiger Man.—Look at that man. He cannot read. He can not see how he rolls and tumbles a-bout. He cannot speak plain. Why can he not read? Why can he not talk like you and me? He has been drinking! I think he has been drinking rum! Yes, he has been drinking rum! He must sell coke to-morrow. How silly it is to drink rum! Now he can not work or get pay for it. Man-ca-se-ver strive pa-pa so; does he not beat his wife?

The Cigar.—Oh! what a nasty smell! Where does it come from? It is the smell of a cigar. Who has a cigar? Dick has a mas-sive cigar. Dick, may I see what a smoke he makes! He must-n like spit-ting. He has not made all the smoke in it, has he? Why will Dick be so like a chim-ney? Dick, you are strong as a lion; you can not be-lieve that you are like a chim-ney. Dick, you are like a fool! Dick, you are like a fool! Dick, you are like a fool! Dick, you are like a fool! Dick, you are like a fool!

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A Calfornian Amazon.—She rides wild horses, throws the lasso infinitely, and never misses her aim with the rifle. She carries a hunting-knife in her girdle, and understands the anatomy of other stag or buffalo; knows nothing about corsets, bottle-nose, capes, crinoline or flounces; never wears bonnets, and speaks no scandal.

A WIDOW OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A curious instance of a lady availing herself, in 1549, of the right to appear by champion, is a branch of promise of marriage case, to ascertained in the memoirs of Marechal de Vieilleville. The husband of Philippe de Montespedon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Amongst these was the Marquis de Saluces, to whom eventually she seemed to listen favorably, and he permitted him to accompany her to the Court of France. It turned out, however, that the sly dame only wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination she cavalierly dismissed him, saying:—"Adieu, sir! your lodging is at the head of the Court, and mine is at the hostel Saint Denis, close to that of the Augustins." The marquis still persisted in his suit, but as Philippe continued obdurate; he resented that she had made him a formal speaker of marriage, and cited her to appear before the court of parliament. She came there, attended by a numerous company of friends and lawyers, and followed by she president to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had or had not given marriage to the marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to pass her with further question she exclaimed, with passionate warmth:—"Gentlemen, there was in a court of justice before; and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly. But to put a stop to all applying cavilling and word-catching, I swear in the face of Almighty God and the holy Gospels, and under pain of eternal damnation to my soul; and to the king under the penalty of loss of honor and life,—that I have not given marriage to the marquis of salusago to the Marquis de Saluces, and, what is more, that I never will give marriage to him in my life." And if there is any one who will assert to the contrary here is my champion. I offer to maintain my words, which he knows are entirely true, and unlawed by the lips of a lady of honor, if ever there was one in the world. Upon which God and my good rights, that he will pursue the plaintiff to the death, and that he will prove him a false and villain." This spirited defence caused no little amusement to the audience; and the court held the registrar that he might put up his papers, for Madame la Marechale had taken another and much better road to the altar than that of Rion. Then, addressing the marquis, he asked:—"Well, sir, what say you to this?" The marquis, for his part, as split as the valor of the latter, was fast coming to the conclusion that he might succeed by a very decided negative. "I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force; and if she does not wish to have me, I am not the man to force her." And so making a low obeisance to the court he prudently withdrew, and the lady's fortune and honor of his pretensions to her hand.

COLOR OF THE OCEAN.

The waters of the globe exhibit various hues, which depend upon a variety of circumstances. Their transparency, for instance, is a more general that of ultramarine, which is reflected in every direction. This is the case with the Arctic Ocean, when seen apart from atmospheric influences, modified by the floating ice, which exhibit every possible variety, white, sheets, and mud-banks, effect its hues. Particular parts of the ocean show peculiar colors, as the Red Sea, and the waters which wash the shores of the Maldive Islands. Variously purple, red, and green waters are found in the Southern parts of the Mediterranean, in the vermilion sea off Colifornia, in the Red Sea, and in the Southern oceans of Chili, Brazil, and Australia. Green water appears in the Persian Gulf, in the Mediterranean, and in the ocean with the deepest blue in the Arctic Ocean. These appearances are permanent, but there are others which are due to the sea-perch in blue and partly is green water at the same time. Phosphorescence is produced by the innumerable infusoriales, which swarm in countless myriads in the tracts in question. Another source of self-luminousness (*Pholas crispata argilacea*) which color the Red Sea, have been found in other similarly-tinted waters. The Gulf of Guinea, and the Arctic Seas is produced also by minute animals, which, when the water is agitated by the oars, or by the wind, become excited in immense shoals migrating in the direction of the wind, and which are thus further charged with dead and dismembered relics. At the same time, the agitation of the water causes the air-bubbles which it contains to burst, and the whole atmosphere may be most favorable to the phenomenon.

A NOVEL BOOTJACK.

A letter in the London Times, from a British officer in India, gives a startling account of the ravages of the white ant, which he denies the following description of how a prisoners was used to detect them:

"Major Rogers had just had capital sport with a white ant hunt, and was sitting in his tent after his charged, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it but to run for it. He is of course the largest-legs just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk behind him, and the bite of his tusks all yelps. Still, Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to be crushed to death in the animal's power. In the struggle, however, did not last long; he's in the delight of the spectators, and in spite of the pursuer, the Wellington boot which the former had stepped off made of the leg and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, instead of making off with the boot after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his prisoner there all day. It was in the Central Provinces; when the tame, or country pantum, happened to pass by. Rogers gave him notice of his position; and on this being intimated to the mahout the elephant was straightway ordered to lay hold and pulling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree."

A visitor said in a fair body is, indeed, a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over clamor.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO MY FATHER.

Upon seeing how thinking of the Ungovernable of his Sons.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

My father, it may be
That thou with love to me
Dost deem
That the shelves on thy wall
Will forever safely hold
Through the world.

Thou dost my books sell for silver,
And chase angry words on users
With blue ink;
Like fury, pencaled dicta,
At the rare and quivering leaves
Blasting out.
Thinking that these do not care
Whether successful they are,
Or are not.

Father, it may be yet
That heavy from regret,
All alone,
Thou wilt sit at once the shade,
By this lamplight shadowy made,
And moan
For the young lives run to waste;
For the labor in vain
Of the pen,
And with thy children years,
When they can no more return,
All the last.

Then will some such vanished sight
And the hasty words
Of
Thy love and in thy ears,
When she turned her shadow
At the grave,
And I know thy heart will ache
For thy hapless embryo's sake,
And cause grave,
When thou thinkst 'mid the shade,
By this lamplight shadowy made,
All alone.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What's the matter with our Emily? Is her blood cold? Or has she torn her new dress? She looks the image of despair—as pictures say—upon a post! I wish Tompson could see her!"

"Some trouble with Edward, I believe," answered a girlish voice.

"Ah, that's it!" said the other, laughing. "A storm in the atmosphere of love. Better for rain, apple-blossoms for snow, and sighs for the angry wind. This great harm done to the garden-beds. The first hour of sunshine will restore everything to health and beauty."

"I am not so sure of that," said Aunt Lucy, lifting her head, but now serious eyes to the face of the last speaker, a young man, whose manner was too free to have given opportunity for serious thought or earnest feeling. "I do not think so at all," she repeated, with added emphasis. "In the path of every storm of this kind, some one or more that time can never restore. The riven flowers and broken stems that lie in the garden paths receive not on the returning sunlight the life which is forever in his scorching breath."

"What a sober face you do put on, Aunt Lucy! It was the young girl who had answered her brother's question about Emily. "Brother thinks 'tiffs' with Edward, are of no more account than the wind that comes roughly a-cooling. No harm done, but a little good, it may be; strength gained, as the stem of the sun-bud is strengthened by its reaction to the wind."

But Aunt Lucy shook her head.

"I have no faith in the good done to hearts by the storms of human passion. No matter how clearly the sun may shine afterwards, it can never restore the last breath that fell in the strife, nor cover the unsightly wound that was left behind. There is always something left in every storm—some goodly ship, on the sea of life, goes down, and in none more forcibly than in love."

The brother and sister looked at each other and smiled. The words of Aunt Lucy were, in their view, far too serious for the occasion. What was a "little tiff" at the elder sister's, Emily's understanding with her lover. A mere ripple in the quiet atmosphere of their lives, to be wholly lost in the returning calmness.

But, Aunt Lucy was right. There is something lost in every storm, but in returning calmness we see it not. And lover's quarrels, so lightly esteemed, are not exceptions to the rule. We may call them summer storms, that purify the atmosphere of love; but love's atmosphere requires no such purification. They indicate the existence of unhealthy antagonistic elements, which the closer contact of married life will only quicken into more activity.

Emily's trouble with Edward Floyd, her lover, had its origin in a trifle. He had dropped a word thoughtlessly, which gave offence, and her quick temper had betrayed her into a reply, in the same nature of which excited his indignation, and they parted in anger. He was all the while doing or saying something that provoked her anger, which blazed up the moment it kindled. Then followed coldness, temporary estrangement, tears and wretchedness; and to these succeeded forgiveness and the returning sunshine. But always the same shine looked down upon some new places that left the tempest had rifled of beauty, or some old ones then in time; but heart-flowers would bloom there no more forever.

Only a week before the wedding-day there was a storm, fiercer in character than usual, and so much was Emily tossed on the wild waves, that to many friends were troubled lest it should cause a separation between the affianced pair.

"If it were not for the disgrace of the thing, and the trouble likely to follow," Edward said to his friend Gerald Lovell, "I would break my engagement. I never saw a woman with so uncertain a temper!"

The friend soothed him as best he could, and exerted his influence on the side of reconciliation. Again the sky was clear, and the atmosphere calm and genial. But the storm had left disfiguring footprints here and there. All saw not as before.

"Dear Emily," said Aunt Lucy, on the evening before the wedding-day, speaking with unusual earnestness—"I must give you one instance of warning. There have been too many little storms

disturbances between you and Edward—too many storms in the summer sky of your lives. As you value your happiness let there be no end of this. The tender flowers of love cannot flourish in an atmosphere that is disturbed by frequent storms."

"Oh, never fear for us, Aunt Lucy!" replied the happy-hearted girl. "Edward and I understand each other. I am quick, you know; but it's soon over. The sunshine comes brightly after the rain."

"Sudden storms are often the most destructive," said Aunt Lucy.

But Emily laughed gaily at Aunt Lucy's fears, and the warning was unheeded.

It was just three weeks after the wedding day. Emily was sitting by the window, waiting for Edward's return. The twilight was beginning to fall, and every moment she expected to see his beloved face. They were to take swiftly they had to spend. How happy all the hours had been! It seemed to Emily, as if she were translated into a new world.

"How late he stays this evening!" she said to herself; and, as the young bride leaned closer to the window, she remembered that, for several days, he had returned home later than usual.

At this moment a lady tripped up the steps and rang the bell. There was an intimacy friend, and in passing, had just called to exchange a pleasant word or two.

"Waiting for Edward, little wife?" said this light-hearted friend, as she kissed Emily, who was still near to the window. "You will have to wait, and for some time yet," she added, affecting a serious tone.

"Why so?" inquired Emily.

"For the best of all reasons. I met him just now, going home with a lady who lives far away from here."

Instantly the countenance of Emily changed, on observing which, the thoughtless friend said—

"Ah! I believe what's! And what was reason I'm thinking' for the lady is both young and handsome. It's the second time, this week that I have seen them together."

"Who is she?" asked Emily, affecting an indifference that she did not feel.

"I can't answer the question. Some old flame, perhaps," said the lady, not dreaming that the words were entering the heart of her young friend like poisoned arrows. Then she laughed at her own jest, and then fluttered away, unconscious of the wrong she had done.

As she turned from the door, Emily went, with quick, but silent footsteps to her chamber, and sitting down there, attempted to compose her thoughts. But, all the elements of her soul were in confusion. She had taken a step in the path of danger, that, without meaning, and they had stung her into a paroxysm of jealous anguish. The secret hint returns were all explained now. Not business, but a young and beautiful lady had detained him from his wife!

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Hypocrite! Was that word stung him! How it outraged all his inborn love of truth and right feeling! Was he, indeed, a hypocrite? Had all that say one had applied to him as epithet—of all epithets the most abhorrent—been true? Had he come from the lips of his young wife, was worst of all!

For a time Edward was stunned by this unexplained outrage, and flight of his wife. He had no key to the mystery; and, in the confused state of his mind, into which his mind had been thrown, subsided, and gave him no clue. Then he came and resolved to make no inquiry after her, and to ask no explanation of her conduct.

"She has left me," he said to himself, bitterly, but resolutely—"left me without cause, and I shall see no steps of return. Then she shall never return. That was the overruling outrage! Hypocrite!"

Edward Floyd passed an almost sleepless night; and his morning found him unchanged in feelings. The more he thought of Emily's causeless attack upon him, the more deeply he felt it.

"If this is the beginning, what is to be hoped for in the end?" he said, bitterly. "Such a temper was uncertain, and sometimes violent; but I was not prepared for this."

The lady and Emily was not approved by her friends at home, who, as soon as they understood what she had done, urged her immediate return to her husband. But pride would not consent to this, even though silence feelings brought repentance. All the next day she waited, restless, expectant, anxious, for some word from Edward; but no word came from him. The second day passed, also, without a sign. On the morning of the third day an exclamation of painful surprise from her brother startled her. He handed her, in silence, the newspaper he had been reading, with his finger on an advertisement. A glance gave her to swoon-

ing. Edward had placed his furniture in the hands of an auctioneer, who was about offering it at public sale.

"It is not yet too late," urged Aunt Lucy, with tears in her gentle eyes; "it is not too late for him to call here. Say things have erred and repent. Do not let him go in this extremity."

But Emily's pride and jealous suspicion, deeply distressed as she was, were yet unsubdued, and she listened not to the counsel. She did not really believe that her husband would go to the extremity of selling all of their furniture. But she was mistaken. The sale did take place.

The next day, as the guest of the unhappy young man, was to sell out his business and leave the city, without even seeing his wretched wife. But to seek her, as a last remonstrance, this brief communication:

"Emily, wherever may have been, to me the unknown cause, a year's actual separation from your husband, let me say to you, with no interest from my sufferings, and in putting thousands of miles between us, that I am a stranger to all that has occurred. Whether you have left me from caprice or from a thoughtless word, or with more deliberate intent, I am ignorant. With you, alone, are responsible for the act.

Pride would not let him give a single sign of pain, though his heart was crushed, and his anguish was more than he could bear.

"What is the meaning of this, dear Emily?" said, among other thoughtless friends, the lady whose lightly-spoken words had caused the deep wound. "Why did you separate yourself from Edward?"

Leaning on your evidence against him," said the wretched young woman, with strong emphasis.

"Mine? Mine?" The lady looked frightened. "Why, darling, Emily—"

"Of all subjects, this is the last upon which I could endure a strife," was answered, with a solemn tone of manner that alarmed the lady still more. "I am free from you that I had the first intimation of his infamy with another."

"From me! Are you beside yourself, Emily? I am the last person you—"

"I speak in sober earnest. It was from your lips I received the first unwelcome fact, which, I analyzed, in all love and confidence, his return at unusual hours. It was from your lips I received—"

"You are dreaming. No such intelligence was ever uttered from me!" said the lady, almost with indignation.

"Do you remember the last time you called at my house?" inquired Emily.

"I do."

"Do you that you told me then about having met Edward gallanding a lady in the street?"

The lady looked confused, and then, full flushing with surprise, and then turning pale, "that from my light words all this trouble has come? Oh, my darling Emily, how sorry I am!"

Emily shook her head.

"Why, the last woman in the world of whom you have cause to be jealous. As your friend and confidante, Edward was accompanying her home!"

"You said she was young and handsome, and that for the second time you had met them together."

"So I had just listing!"

"Fatal listing! It has wrecked my peace for ever. Such a deep ery of pain burst from the heart of Emily.

The cause of jealous passion was over, and all was still as death in the room where the lady sat blind. The hopeless love that cruel disfigurations! The poor girl's mind became unsettled.

Months after Edward Floyd's hasty sundering of all the ties that held him to the early object, he received, in a far distant city, a letter from his unhappy wife, confessing, in which, after relating the cause of her sudden fit of jealous anger, she made full acknowledgment of her error, and begged him to come to her. Edward was deeply moved, and as his pleadings was this letter, that the miserable young man's former home was at once broken up, yielded, and flew back again to the wife he had, in his heart, forgiven.

Their meeting was full of tenderness, and full of tears on the former. Both were wiser for the painful experience; and both were about to step into a new life. If the wild tempest had passed, and the sun shone out in all its warmth again, the heightened sense of the storm's fearful destruction, as it swept over their domestic joys, was calculated to be something to remind them of passion's wild frenzy. Never, perhaps, were two hearts more fully conscious of having lost forever, in the war of elements, precious things held by the heart of priceless value.

Time, and the sunshine of love, did much to heal the wounds of the former. Summer storms and lovers' quarrels are alike, in their influence upon the earth and hearts, fearfully. After the latter, they require much time and sweetness. Memory did not, could not sleep. No sunshine could restore the refreshing dews had power to obliterate marks of the storm's fury, which, if they were not seen, were the motives of self-control, were yet sad memorials of its destructiveness. All the after years of Edward Floyd, the brightness of their wedded life.

Emily's trouble with Edward Floyd, her lover, had its origin in a trifle. He had dropped a word thoughtlessly, which gave offence, and her quick temper had betrayed her into a reply, in the same nature of which excited his indignation, and they parted in anger. He was all the while doing or saying something that provoked her anger, which blazed up the moment it kindled. Then followed coldness, temporary estrangement, tears and wretchedness; and to these succeeded forgiveness and the returning sunshine. But always the same shine looked down upon some new places that the tempest had rifled of beauty, or some old ones then in time; but heart-flowers would bloom there no more forever.

Only a week before the wedding-day there was a storm, fiercer in character than usual, and so much was Emily tossed on the wild waves, that to many friends were troubled lest it should cause a separation between the affianced pair.

"If it were not for the disgrace of the thing, and the trouble likely to follow," Edward said to his friend Gerald Lovell, "I would break my engagement. I never saw a woman with so uncertain a temper!"

The friend soothed him as best he could, and exerted his influence on the side of reconciliation. Again the sky was clear, and the atmosphere calm and genial. But the storm had left disfiguring footprints here and there. All saw not as before.

"Dear Emily," said Aunt Lucy, on the evening before the wedding-day, speaking with unusual earnestness—"I must give you one instance of warning. There have been too many little storms

disturbances between you and Edward—too many storms in the summer sky of your lives. As you value your happiness let there be no end of this. The tender flowers of love cannot flourish in an atmosphere that is disturbed by frequent storms."

"Oh, never fear for us, Aunt Lucy!" replied the happy-hearted girl. "Edward and I understand each other. I am quick, you know; but it's soon over. The sunshine comes brightly after the rain."

"Sudden storms are often the most destructive," said Aunt Lucy.

But Emily laughed gaily at Aunt Lucy's fears, and the warning was unheeded.

It was just three weeks after the wedding day. Emily was sitting by the window, waiting for Edward's return. The twilight was beginning to fall, and every moment she expected to see his beloved face. They were to take swiftly they had to spend. How happy all the hours had been! It seemed to Emily, as if she were translated into a new world.

"How late he stays this evening!" she said to herself; and, as the young bride leaned closer to the window, she remembered that, for several days, he had returned home later than usual.

At this moment a lady tripped up the steps and rang the bell. She was an intimate friend, and in passing, had just called to exchange a pleasant word or two.

"Waiting for Edward, little wife?" said this light-hearted friend, as she kissed Emily, who was still near to the window. "You will have to wait, and for some time yet," she added, affecting a serious tone.

"Why so?" inquired Emily.

"For the best of all reasons. I met him just now, going home with a lady who lives far away from here."

Instantly the countenance of Emily changed, on observing which, the thoughtless friend said—

"Ah! I believe what's! And what was reason I'm thinking' for the lady is both young and handsome. It's the second time, this week that I have seen them together."

"Who is she?" asked Emily, affecting an indifference that she did not feel.

"I can't answer the question. Some old flame, perhaps," said the lady, not dreaming that the words were entering the heart of her young friend like poisoned arrows. Then she laughed at her own jest, and then fluttered away, unconscious of the wrong she had done.

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FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Whatever may be the difference in temper and disposition between a newly-married couple, the inspiring request of love to her husband should be the unfailing charm to conciliate on each of their hearts:—

Who are you the one nearest and dearest to me, perhaps—
Between us one for those to parts?

How necessary is this divine conjugal ingredient for fidelity, when we reflect how transitory is our earthly existence!—

Make the moment of life your sway—
Life is short, and waste away;
Buds alike are mine and sinner,
Blooming quick to their decline!
Here's a moment, where and when?
Though repeated in three sense!
Three words—memento, when they're gone,
Will expire as short as one.

To attain this happiness is the mutual duty of both husband and wife; but much depends upon a knowledge and discretion of their relation towards each other. Man is naturally the protector of woman; his superior reasoning faculties, and muscular power and courage to cope with it, qualify him for the office. Women are more sensitive to the gentler feelings of our nature than men; and consequently, she is more enabled to accommodate herself to circumstances than he is to them. She is endowed with fearfulness and affection; and is, therefore, more adapted to yield without constraint to Nonsense truthfully observes, that "the first and most important quality of a woman is gentleness. Every thing's being so imperfect as much as the full of vices, and often full of faults, she ought to have the habit to suffer even injuries, and to be wrong from a husband without complaining. It is the duty of a wife—it is far her own that she ought to be gentle."

The man with feminine mind is unfit for success in the duties of the woman upon him springs so accustomed by a gentleman, who safest permission to accompany her. "Certainly," she said, in her lord my humble wife. I am my stocking?" and, accordingly it to him as he was about to depart, and fell sigh upon. The gentleman felt a slight movement in the hands, and in great trepidation trotted after her, repeating to her as he went, "Yes, you woman, come back and take your baby." Soon a crowd gathered to learn the nature of the disaster. "A woman gave me her baby to hold, and then ran off!" gasped the unfortunate victim of her folly. "Take it off to the almshouse," shouted some half-dozen voices. "Let us see it first," cried one, more regulated than the rest. A rent in the baby's garment was unfolded, out jumped a full-grown cat, that scampered off amid the vociferous cheers and laughter of all present, save one, who looked sadly at the rent. It seems that the husband, after her house of one of these animals, whose petty larcenies had long been a source of great annoyance, had commissioned the servant girl to take it out of the neighborhood and drop it.

CARLYLE AND THE NEEDLEWOMEN.

"Many things have been written about thirteen-hour days, but there perhaps is the saddest. To the sort written any where still now, that I know of, about, by the way, the seven-hour evening, the seven-and-sixpenny cash; and in the meanwhile no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured for love or money, under ten hours a day. Let us take help in saving. Ask any thrifty house-mother, or head of a household, what her chief losses are, and in low there is the same answer:—No end to needlewomen. Needlework is the only industry attainable in any of the houses I frequent. Imaginary needlewomen, who demand comfortable wages, and are content with reasonable hours and a small hour of everywhere; but their saving proven not to them a distressed gathering and sewing, and saving, only the fallacious hope of it, a real image of the needle. Well, the needlewomen, they must be hired in every village; and in London, with its finishing thirty thousand, not at all—or hardly. It not, as appears, answer to the needlewomen themselves! To such height has the laissez-faire principle risen, by way of expanding labor in this article of distressing."

THE ANATOMY OF A COQUETTE.

A coquette is a female general who builds her fame on her victories. A coquette may be concerned to flutter, which she has not the power to sparkle, but does not always succeed in fighting up to it. She is a woman who wants the spur of love that which pursues them, and pursue that which flies from her. Forwardness, therefore, on the part of a female, makes them draw back, and backwardness inspire them with advances. This is enough to show the difference between a coquette and a woman of sense and modesty—that while one courts every man she converses with, the other will court no one. A coquette neither lives an old maid, it is not unusual for her to be staid until middle age, and was previous by versatile:—

This weather-cock, which for awhile
Have turned about with every wind,
Grows old at last, and rusts,
Rest to a post, and fit at last."

THE OLD MAID'S PROTEST.

BY CLARA DUTHEY.

An "old maid?" am I an old maid? I heard them call me so; and I'm afraid it is true, or I should not have felt it so much. And they said, "old maids are abominable," "not to be respected or prized," but why? Ah! they didn't say "why" —they were satisfied with calling the question, and then enjoying the approving laugh of their husbands. I wanted to ask why it was not full as abominable to be single as for a bear, or for the sake of escaping the name of "old maid," as to remain single? I wanted to ask why we could avoid deserved no sympathy or respect, when the only reason on earth why they were entitled to the service of one of creation's lords was, because not one of them whom she could have well enough to call "husband" ever had need to be his wife. I wanted to say that not one woman out of twenty ever got the man who had power to touch the master chord of her soul—the man that of all men she would have chosen, her own true spirit's answering mate; and to ask why she who refused to rest in the arms of one man while her bosom ached and her heart bled for the presence of another, was not more to be respected and commended than she who did not refuse to do this? I wanted to ask, and I wanted to say; but knowing that I should thus last being a "maid of oddities upon my devoted head, I kept silence, but my thoughts burned within me while my companions rattled off on, making "old maids" the burden of their merry talk.

DOUBTS.

What a strange mystery is life!
It forms the spirit of an hour,
To-morrow it shall be gone,
When that just grasped has gone,
How do we know what we have won?
But for Hope's promise fair!
Or, worse than these, when we've won,
These crown unforeseen woe. AUGUSTA MOORE.

A CAPITAL "SELL."

A few days since, a sparse looking girl who was tripping along through the Park, as a moderate pace, with a basket on her arm, was accosted by a gentleman, who asked permission to accompany her. "Certainly," she said, and held up humble walks: I am my stocking?" and, accordingly it to him as he was about to depart, and fell sigh upon. The gentleman felt a slight movement in the hands, and in great trepidation trotted after her, repeating to her as he went, "Yes, you woman, come back and take your baby." Soon a crowd gathered to learn the nature of the disaster. "A woman gave me her baby to hold, and then ran off!" gasped the unfortunate victim of her folly. "Take it off to the almshouse," shouted some half-dozen voices. "Let us see it first," cried one, more regulated than the rest. A rent in the baby's garment was unfolded, out jumped a full-grown cat, that scampered off amid the vociferous cheers and laughter of all present, save one, who looked sadly at the rent. It seems that the husband, after her house of one of these animals, whose petty larcenies had long been a source of great annoyance, had commissioned the servant girl to take it out of the neighborhood and drop it.

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A LOVER'S SERENADE.

BY THOMAS WYAT.

The stars from heaven are pouring
Into beautiful rain drops;
Drops which the world is sleeping,
Yet always love's vows with me.

Come with the night's cool evening
Brightly in beauty's smile;
Come while no rude is stirring,
Our tale of love to tell.

Night's holiest moments are keeping
Their vigil round the cover;
Then while we're sweetly weeping,
Steals lady, still thy lover.

The stars from heaven are pouring
Into beautiful rain drops;
Come while the world is sleeping,
To change love's vows with me.

THE LILY'S MISTAKE.

LOVE'S BLOSSOM AND ITS FRUIT.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Mr Henderson, will you give me Alice? I love her, and wish to make her my wife."

"Your wife? You love Alice, and wish to make her your wife?" returned Mr. Henderson, with a startled air and lowering brow.

He looked scrutinizingly for several moments at the two who, hand clasped in hand, knelt at his feet. Very handsome they looked—perfect types it seemed to him, of masculine and feminine beauty. The unmoved morning sunbeams, which, in his neighborhood twinkle about the casement, is not fairer than was her pure brow. Her eyes were of the deepest and darkest blue, with a wondrous power of change that puzzled the closest recipient of their glowing glances to tell which was the true; and, most rare accompaniment of that exquisite complexion, masses of raven hair, in clustering locks, framed the perfect oval of her face. Her petite figure, cast in the most exquisite mould of feminine proportions, with its air and position of queenly grace, realized one of nothing so much as the high-bred loveliness of flowers—the perfect type in the pet name of "Lily," among all her friends.

Mark Stanford's fair, haughty beauty, his glossy, curling hair of sunny brown—his light and rather restless eyes, were very beautiful, but a wanderer contrast to the pure, noble Saxon manliness of "Lily" lent there by his side. An impression of a want of power in Mark—a vacillating, general impression of his unworthiness of Alice, came into Mr. Henderson's mind as he gazed. Hitherto he had seen little and known little of Mark Stanford. He recollected now that, when, after reading the evening papers and perhaps reviewing a letter or two received in the morning-room to ask Alice for a little music, he had several times been annoyed by finding Mark Stanford sitting beside her upon the sofa, and on exhibiting accompanying her thoughts and conversation that he could not, with politeness, make his anticipated request. He remembered, also, that though Alice seemed to take no owning his assayed expression, and move to-wards the grand-piece, yet there was no evident reluctance, now, and till now unaccounted for, in the movement.

He knew it all now—saw everything—Mark Stanford's frequent visits and their cause—his Lily's reluctance to give him the evening coat of music, which, for years, had blotted out, with the divine humanities of boyhood and girlhood, the chaos and jangling discords of the Babels of commerce, among which his days were passed, and which he had so planned dreams upon his nightly pillow.

He saw it all now—saw that his life was about to be made desolate—saw, already the shadow of desolation—saw that this weak, fair-faced youth, had wiled with a few heedful words, the love of that fresh young heart quite away from him, from his wife, from the home of her childhood; and wonderment at the had caused passionate visions of delight to pass across the unmanned mirror of her maiden soul—visions that should never, never come to their beautiful realization.

With a great, but repressed pang the merchant averted his gaze from the restless eyes of Mark Stanford, and looked straight down upon the fair face by his side.

"Do you love Mark Stanford?" he said very softly, "and do you wish to take him for your husband?"

"Father!"

That simple word was all she uttered, but the soft, coy blushes, that came to her cheek and brow were not more eloquent. His best forward and touched with his lips the ebony, veined eyelids that closed beneath the pathetic appeal—and he clasped for a moment the tiny hand in his broad palm. Then he said, in a voice from which he vainly sought to banish all traces of emotion,

"Go now, my Lily. I will speak to you again. Ask your mother to come to me, my darling."

Then, as if half-reluctantly, he gave his hand to Mr. Stanford, in silence, and shaking back in his chair ran the two more distinctly—perfect types, from, head to hand, and disappear in the shadows that filled its lower space. The merchant saw only her spoken with Mark Stanford's voice, and a half-broken sob that he knew was from the Lily's full heart, reached his ear. She was gone forever.

—In a moment the rest, with hands still exchanged, stood beneath the sculptured and carved doorpiece, through which the light from the hall lamp was streaming, and looked back at him. They looked back upon the darkness—the door was closed, and he was alone. Alone, and and and desolate!

The thought had come to him vaguely, sometimes, that Alice would marry, but he had never contemplated her marriage as an inevitable occurrence, a fixed fact, until now. Under any, the most favorable circumstances, he would have looked upon her marriage sadly, but now he was more than sad. It was not even that he knew nothing of Mark Stanford—the rendest knowledge might have been bad—but that he feared much. There was no power, and his negative goodness expressed in his face, while the restless movement of his beautiful eyes, and the delicate flexile lines of his smiling mouth and mouth chin betokened an unstable character.

With his paper lying forgotten upon the floor, where he had dropped it in his surprise, Mr. Henderson sat leaning his head upon his hands in deep thought, until the opening of the door again aroused him. Mrs. Henderson came hurrying in, with a perplexed and pained expression upon her fair and usually placid face, and advanced straight towards her husband. She took his outstretched hand, and dropping into a chair by his side, leant his tears.

"Laura, did you know anything of this?" was Mr. Henderson's first question. "Have you suspected that an attachment was growing up between Mark Stanford and our Lily?"

"Never, husband; the thought has not once occurred to me, but you know how much I have been engaged of late in nursing my dear mother."

"True, my love, I do not think of blaming you," replied Mr. Henderson, with a reassuring smile, and a tone of tenderness that showed how even the remotest shadow of my displeasure."

"But how did he gain the ear of the house? You know I was not at all matters of that kind to you, and when I have seen him there, he seemed so insignificant that I never thought of inquiring about him. Shall I have always considered Lily's equal in wealth and position, and shall never have dreamed of her preferring any one to me."

"He is very handsome, my dear," replied Mrs. Henderson, with a little sigh. "But, really, I do not see how he can make Alice happy. He is very young still, and he may improve with time and years."

"So you do know something of him. Tell me what you know."

"Only this husband. His mother was a sister of Judge Black. She is dead, and Mark is an orphan. His father was always very fond of him in his life-time, and left him a little property, and, I believe that, left his fortune in Mrs. Black's charge. She is very fond of him, too, and has him down here whenever he can be spared from business, for he is clerk in a wholesale firm in New York, and his aunt intends to advance the sum necessary for a partnership for him. Mrs. Black brought him here, a year ago, when he was visiting her, to Alice's birth-day party; and as she had taken the opposite with her, the two have seen a good deal of each other. And I have been so occupied with other things that I never thought of the coming to this, or I might have prevented it—perhaps."

The very thankful tone in which Mrs. Henderson pronounced the last word of her little speech, brought a shadowy smile to her husband's face.

"Three spoke volumes for the omnipotence of young Love, my dear," he said. "Young Love that laughs at locksmiths, and shakes its virgin locks of dominus and careful summons. But," and the shadow of sadness settled upon his face, "it seems that the artichoke is done now, and the falling in love of this young pair cannot be prevented. Their marriage can possibly. Is it better to try to prevent it?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, husband. I feel that our Lily is worthy of a more sterling man—I feel sure that in some way, by higher influences, by greater a moral and intellectual being, will not, cannot be assimilated as the wife of Mark Stanford; and I have a strange fear that, if she marries him, she will find that she has made her whole life, henceforth, a long mistake. But, on the other hand, I know that he is and is ready to put the utmost faith in him, even to the sacrificing of her own best judgment and wish and composition."

With true womanly trust, Laura, and with all love's blindness! Well, poor child, she is only following her destiny. Would that it might have been in a higher sphere—higher than the wife of a clerk position, I have no right to look higher for Alice, yet I know, husband, that I cannot help a sense of present I am unable to overcome. I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if I find Mark worthy of her esteem, I will not withhold the engagement to take place."

"Yes you must be cautious, husband. You know that people will talk about it if we dismiss Mark Stanford, and Lily will suffer for it. Any one but our own child we would have done differently—that we wish to prevent her marriage, and to keep her for our own companionship."

"Laura, do you think it possible that such very fond parents as ourselves things can be just to Alice in all respects as our own child? Could we be impartial in our judgment of her?"

"I think not, indeed, my dear; and no mother loves her child more fondly, I am sure, than I love Alice since I first took her in my arms—a pretty, smiling infant of a twelve-month's age. For seventeen years she has been to me the light and blank of our children existence. How I used to delight in her childish prattle—her pretty ways—the gentle of a child's merry voice, and the pressure of little dimpled hands, and how I used to dress the slight, smooth face and rosy lips saying, kissingly, 'Mamma,' till we took Lily from the arms of her nurse and she was never afterwards to be my own. Oh, husband, how can we give her up, and to such a one as Mark?"

Mr. Henderson drew his weeping wife to his bosom, and said, soothingly—

"Hush, my love! Has she may not go from us. Our Lily must have tried out her woman's destiny—why? I had hoped to keep her for myself and my worthy of her. If we find Mark Stanford unworthy of her, we have only to forbid him to visit this habitation and remain in the sanctuary of her home. Let us go now to the drawing-room and, if she loves this Mark Stanford so well, we to be willing to trust him more than us."

CHAPTER II.

A month later Mr. Henderson sat in his library, at evening, and read his paper. It was not the usual shipping list which now fixed his attention. He had read and re-read—and each time the expression of his countenanced mouth grew deeper in sadness—the following announcement:—

"Married, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. James Pardon, D.D., Mr. Mark Stanford, of New York, to Miss Alice Henderson, adopted daughter of J. P. Henderson, of this city."

"Mrs. Mark Stanford," the old man murmured, "Alice Henderson—only my adopted daughter—and so that propriety came and stole her away, and left me very sad and desolate—yes, desolate," he added, stretching out his hand to his wife, who just then entered the room, "and utterly lonely but for you. Remember this, Laura, if I should die before you, a home must be always kept for our Lily here. God grant she may not be forced to fly to it from sorrow and despair."

"Amen," said Mrs. Henderson, fully, and then there was a silence until the clock upon the landing outside pealed forth the hour for retiring, and they went through the dim luxurious rooms, that seemed so empty now of all but shadows and stillness, to the couch where rest was chased away by tears, but not the less anxious fears for her who but yesterday had gone from them a bride.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Henderson had made every necessary inquiry concerning Mark Stanford, and had learned nothing essentially to his disadvantage. That was the utmost that could be said. The young man's character was of a negative grade—one that society could be asserted of him—and in the same way could be said very positive good. And so, when Alice clung to her first love with all the ardor of her deep, passionate nature, from which the ivy exterior had all melted away in the warmth of the sudden fire kindled by the touch of love, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson could only sorrow, with trembling anxiety for the result, to her marriage. And so, at length, she had placed her hand in that of Mark Stanford, and, leaving her back upon her father's home, had gone forth with her love and hope out with him, to walk in his world, for apart from all the beautiful associations and the hallowed affections of her childhood.

For a time she was very happy—wildly happy in her love, more deeply and unreservedly than ever, with her beautiful face radiant with joy and hope. Then followed a change—slight, at first—but only to be discerned by the eyes of watchful love—and those noting it strove, with well-meant self-deception, to believe that was the shadow of a mere passing maternal care. But soon after there came whispers—first faint and unconscious—then more distinct—to some in its extent at times—of high play and alien influences, and many pointing every-a weak mind —and all those whispers Rumor connected with the name of Mark Stanford.

Years passed on and whispers came no more; but instead, Rumor, trumpet-tongued, heralded far and wide the gambler, yet known as the husband of Mark Stanford. It told of bankruptcy, of ruin-ation of many, of reckless debauchery, of a fearful establishment that was not the home of his wife. But Alice—the world knew not Alice—knew enough to be borne if, instead of coldness, and neglect, and blows, and curses, there had been but such. And there were those that she had been.

So passed away more bitter years, and Alice still clung to her home, and refused to leave it, even on entreaties to return to the dear old home, where the kindest welcome and the most fond love were awaited her. From that home, ere those years had passed, the kind old sage, yearning over his drooping child, had gone to his rest. Years passed away, with his last strength exacting once yet I know, husband," she continued, in a voice that to prevent that last refuge for the suffering one —"I believe to-morrow, and if I had found Mark Stanford, in his girlhood's home, to love. She cat away marriage, yet never dreaming of inflicting the worldly penalty of neglect and blame upon the unfortunate one which he would have forced her.

But at last Mark Stanford's course was run. All traces of his former self had long been lost—all hope, all even of negative worthlessness—everything that was fair and beautiful in the facile disposition that could resist no new influence, had been lost. After the last fatal step in that direction was well. He died, and Lily shed some tears over the unhappy husband of her youth. Some fitful features of the Mark Stanford she had learned, in her girlhood's home, to love. She cat away those, and remembered only that he was a young stranger with silver threads—tokens not of age, but premature care—in his dark hair, and wearing, often, when they had borne him away to his pale, long as it was now, the look little more of joy in the breast, and left forever the poor shelter which she used no more call home.

Lily came back to the home that availed her, and the tender mother-love of Mrs. Henderson, her sympathy for her child's sorrow, her pain, but to miss the trees of one kindly voice, the pressure of one loving hand, in the midst of which she had dwelt, never hear nor feel again. But she carried them, to those dim rooms, where luxurious appointments and the many powers of waiting for her coming, been shrouded from the light, the merry joy—why? I had hoped to keep her for myself and my heart, and left